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For MARCH 1800.

XIX. *The History of the Helvetic Confederacy.* 2 vols. 4to. (With a Sheet Map of Switzerland). pp. 935. 2l. 2s. Stockdale.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE PREFACE.

“THE late calamitous events which have deprived the Helvetic nations of their independence, and excited the commiseration of all Europe, have, more forcibly than ever, pointed out the want of an history from which the generality of English readers might derive an adequate knowledge of the distinguishing features in the character of that people, and of the many laudable exertions to which they have for centuries owed their freedom, and an unfulfilled reputation for dauntless intrepidity and unaffected virtue. Had such a work been extant in any language that is generally read in this country, the present volumes would not have been obtruded upon the public.” P. vii.

“This manifest want of a popular, and at the same time a sufficiently copious and accurate work on so interesting a subject, first induced me to avail myself of the opportunities I had of procuring from the continent the best German publications relating to that country; it being in fact to the German writers that recourse must be had for the materials requisite to supply this deficiency in English literature. Having collected such documents as I was well assured had received the sanction of the most competent judges, and given them a cursory perusal, I soon conceived the admiration which cannot be withheld from the many striking incidents that grace the annals of that people: I therefore readily yielded to the temptation of dedicating

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my leisure hours to a compilation of this nature; and I shall think myself amply rewarded for my labour, should it be found to answer the purpose for which it is intended.

"I should, however, I must confess, hardly have ventured on the undertaking, had I not been in possession of Muller's masterly performance on the history of the Helvetic Confederacy*, a work of which, as it had previously received the greatest commendation from the most able as well as severe critics, I once had thoughts of giving a complete translation. In this task, however, I had not proceeded far before I perceived that the author had, in fact, written chiefly for his countrymen, and that many details, abundantly interesting to the descendants of the illustrious personages who grace their history, would not be equally relished by readers of distant countries. Foreigners cannot certainly be impressed with the same affections as the natives, nor can they have their imaginations warmed to the same pitch of enthusiasm, which grasps at every incident that may gratify national pride and the emulation of private families. Adopting that work therefore as an unerring guide, I resolved to pursue a course more suitable to the object for which I destined my labours, and to select from it all the leading facts and most striking observations which may serve to convey a just and adequate idea of the character and outlines of the history; guarding at the same time against too great a prolixity and minuteness, which, by deterring the fastidious reader, might defeat the purpose of the publication." P. ix.

"Many important materials, especially respecting the constitution of the confederate states, have been derived from Meiner's Letters upon Switzerland†. This entertaining and instructive work contains, within reasonable limits, so circumstantial and impartial a detail of the state of Switzerland, previous to the late revolution, that I have been at little pains

to collect materials on this subject from other quarters. The author, a man distinguished for his learning, penetration, and judgment, delivers nothing but what occurred to his own immediate observation, during a journey he made through the cantons in the year 1782. He corrects the mistakes of Stanyan and of Schlözer, a censurer still more severe of the government of Berne; but at the same time, with great candour and freedom, points out the defects which no doubt adhered to that and to some other constitutions in Switzerland." P. xiv.

EXTRACTS.

THE SWISS—THEIR ORIGIN.

"CONCERNING their origin, the following is the oral tradition which has been handed down through many generations, and still obtains among them: 'An ancient kingdom in the north, either in Friesland, or Scandinavia, was once visited by a famine: the people assembled, and the majority decreed, that every tenth man, with his family, should evacuate the country. Lots were cast, and those on whom they fell quitted their native seats, amidst the cries and lamentations of their friends and kinsmen: the mothers, in deep dismay, led out their helpless infants. In three bands, under three leaders, came forth six thousand hardy gigantic men, with their wives, children, and most valuable effects. They swore never to forsake each other, and prayed to God to grant them a land like that of their forefathers, where they might graze their cattle, without fear of molestation or oppressive power. God brought them to a vale in the Alps, where they built Schwitz. The people increased in number. They spared no labour in clearing away the woods; but when the vale could no longer contain them, some went over to the black mountain‡ and some to the white lands§. If these traditional

* *"Die Geschichte Schweizerischer Eidgenossenschaft."* Leipzig. 1786, 88, and 95; three volumes 8vo."

† *"Briefe über die Schweiz."* Berlin, 1788, four volumes 8vo. The author is professor in the university of Göttingen."

‡ "Mount Brunig in Underwalden."

§ "Oberhasli among the glaciers, between St. Gothard and the lake of Thun."

songs be compared with what we learn from more creditable historians*, it appears well attested that this original race gradually spread itself all over the high mountainous tract between Schwitz and Gruyeres. The date and circumstances of this migration are not known: people like these paid little attention to the lapse of time †, and the traditional accounts of famines in the north are frequent and common to various countries; nor can the names and incidents related in these songs, since the ancient language of the Swiss has been gradually disused, afford any clue to the industrious antiquary." Vol. i. p. 84.

THEIR COUNTRY DIVIDED INTO CANTONS.

"THE Swiss dwell for some time in scattered habitations, throughout the woods and deserts of the Alps, and had but one place of public worship. After some time, they built another church ‡; and at length, when, by a long period of progressive industry and population, a great part of the country had been cleared and fertilized, many villages, besides the primary ones of Schwitz, Altorf, and Stantz, arose by various incidents, of which no particulars have reached our knowledge. The valleys of Schwitz, Uri, and Unterwalden, all which open upon the Forest lake, became now, by the increase of their religious, as well as municipal institutions, in a manner unconnected, although to strangers they still appeared as one undivided state. Those of the people, on the other hand, who had wandered over the mountains to the vale of Hasli, having spread beyond the limits of friendly intercourse, and not having the same foes to contend with, became gradually a distinct community, and were in time wholly estranged from this ancient confederacy. The manner in which the country, thus occupied by the Swiss, became divided into three cantons, may be inferred from the example of the distribution made

in the valley of Unterwalden, when the district above the forest § grew much more populous than the lower one near Stantz. The general assemblies of the whole people were held at Wieserlen, near the centre of the country; but the courts of judicature were stationary at the chief burgh Stantz, whence the people had originally spread to the different parts of the valley. The more populous district, however, the tract above the forest, was allowed to chuse a double number of jurors for the assizes; but it likewise bore a double share in the public expenditures. This people observing soon after, that most persons of property had settled at Stantz, in order to be near the seats of government and justice, thought this an unequal distribution; they demanded an assentment of the poll-tax according to the circumstances of the contributors, or else that the court should be transferred into their territory. This met with strong opposition. At length, however, the people of both districts held a meeting, and came to an agreement, 'that a landamman and jurors should hold assizes at Sarnen for the people above the forest, and that a similar tribunal should continue at Stantz for those below the forest; that the general assemblies of the people should continue to meet at Wieserlen, but that both communities should be authorized to hold distinct assemblies at Stantz and Sarnen; that the larger district should have the custody of the great banner of the canton, but that those of Stantz might have a banner of their own.' These two districts became thus so independent of each other, that, though they jointly formed only one member in the Helvetic confederacy, yet each has more than once been known to engage in a war without the participation of the other. Unterwalden contained of late only a few villages more than it numbered at that period; the territory of Schwitz had then not half the extent it has since obtained, and the people of Uri had not yet the sovereignty of Urse-

* "Paul Warnefrid, Etterlin, Bertin, &c."

† "Events are frequently blended together in old traditions, though thousands of years may have intervened."

‡ "In the Muotta vale, above Schwitz, where to this day there is an insulated church, which the people of these valleys still hold in great veneration, probably on account of its great antiquity."

§ "The Kernwald, which runs across the canton nearly north and south."

ren, nor any authority in the Leventine valley. Freedom indeed existed among this people, but it was not universal. Except that their manners were somewhat softened by the precepts of Christianity, the Swiss might, at this early period (1150), perhaps not unaptly, be compared to the five Indian nations on the Canadian lakes."

Vol. i. p. 87.

ALBERT OF AUSTRIA SLAIN.

"ALBERT came early in the spring (1308) to his western dominions, in order to prepare for a war against Bohemia, and established his court at Rheinfelden. He was accompanied by John, the son of his late brother Rudolph, who secretly repined at the injustice of his uncle, in withholding from him, although now of age, his father's share of the hereditary dominions of the house of Hapsburg. The king, unwilling to yield up those ample territories, had formed the project of indemnifying his nephew by the grant of some distant provinces in Saxony, which he was preparing to conquer. Duke John, abashed by the presence of Leopold, the king's third son, who, although not older than himself, had yet been some time in possession of high honours and extensive domains; and stimulated by many of the nobility of Argau, who, weary of the stern severity of Albert, looked for a more lenient sovereign, demanded anew, and with some importunity, the territories his father had held during the life of King Rudolph. Irritated by repeated denials, he poured forth bitter complaints into the bosoms of his confidential and equally discontented friends, who, although conscious of their inability to compel redress, yet resolved to convince Albert that those who fear nothing are always formidable. Duke John and several nobles, conspired now the death of Albert. These nobles were Walter Baron of Eschenbach, whose estates and influence extended from the lake of Zurich to the Oberland, who was related to all the principal families in the Argau, Thurgau, and Rhætia, but who owed his power and

renown much more to his eminent virtues than to his illustrious birth and ample property; Rudolph Baron of Wart, a cousin of Eschenbach, whose castle was situated in Kyburg; Rudolph de Balm, from Lenzburg, and Conrad de Tegerfeld, from the neighbourhood of Baden, who had superintended the education of the young injured prince.

"On the first of May, in the tenth year after he had triumphed over and contrived the death of his legitimate sovereign King Adolphus, Albert set out from the citadel of Baden, in his way to Rheinfelden, accompanied by Landenberg, Everhard de Waldsee, on whose account he had forfeited the affection of his Austrian subjects, Burcard Count of Hohenberg his cousin, and several other nobles and attendants. Being arrived at the ferry over the Reuß, near Windisch, the king was, under pretence that the boat must not be overburdened, insensibly led away by the conspirators to some distance from his retinue. He was riding leisurely across some cornfields bordering on the hills of Hapsburg, and conversing with Walter de Castelen, a knight whom he had met on his way, when Duke John, approaching on a sudden, exclaimed, 'Take this as a reward for thy injustice;' and thrust his spear into the neck of Albert. Balm hereupon rushed in, and pierced his body; Eschenbach clove his head; Wart stood aghast, and Castelen fled. The king, streaming with blood, sunk to the ground, and soon after expired in the arms of a poor woman, who, seeing his deplorable condition, had hastened to his assistance. He had before escaped two similar conspiracies; but this third, the contrivance of an insulted kinsman, proved fatal.

"Duke John and his friends, struck with a sudden panic, as if this had not been a premeditated and wilful act, fled different ways, and met no more after this portentous hour. The duke escaping into the mountains, lay a few days concealed at Einsfiden, and lurked some time solitary and forlorn in the adjacent woods; he then assumed the habit of a monk, and wandered

* "In answer to one of Duke John's most urgent solicitations for his inheritance, the king presented him with a chaplet of flowers, observing 'that this best became his years'."

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into Italy; King Henry, of Luxemburg, saw him at Pisa*, after which he disappeared, and consumed the remainder of his days in profound obscurity; nor has it ever been authentically disproved that a blind beggar, who was seen many years after receiving alms at the new market at Vienna, was actually, as he asserted, the son of this unfortunate prince, and grandson to the great Rudolph. It is not known where and how soon Balm ended his hapless days. Tegerfeld was never after heard of. Eschenbach fled with Wart up the river Aar to the castle of his uncle at Falckenstein; he is known to have lived five and thirty years afterwards as a shepherd, in the country of Wurtemberg, where he disclosed his rank shortly before his death, and was buried with the honours due to his illustrious birth. The Baron of Wart, who had seen, but no ways participated in the bloody deed, was betrayed by some of his relations into the hands of the sons of Albert, and by them instantly sentenced to death. While with broken limbs he lay agonizing on a wheel, he still, with manly fortitude, declared himself innocent of the crime for which he suffered. 'And indeed,' he added, 'those also who have committed the deed are guiltless of a crime; they have, in fact, destroyed a monster, who, violating all ties of honour and religion, had laid bloody hands on his liege lord and sovereign; and, in defiance of all justice and equity, withheld from his nephew his lawful patrimony, and who truly deserved to suffer the tortures I now endure. May God take pity on me, and pardon my transgressions!' His wife (a lady of the house of Balm), after having in vain prostrated herself at the feet of Agnes, daughter of Albert and Queen of Hungary, and conjured her by the mercy she hoped to find on the day of judgment, to take compassion on the unhappy baron, attended her husband to the place of execution. She continued three days and three nights at the foot of the wheel, in constant prayer and without sustenance, until he expired: she then went on foot to Basle, where she soon after died, oppressed with grief. Rufeling, a servant of the baron, shared in the fate of his unhappy master.

" Duke Leopold having collected forces, marched against the castle of Wart, took and demolished it, and put to the sword all the retainers of the baron who had attempted to defend it. John, a brother of Baron Rudolph, although he had been no ways concerned in the conspiracy, was, nevertheless, despoiled of all his property, and left to pine away the remainder of a necessitous life, in a remote and wretched cottage, once the property of his forefathers. Farwangen, the principal seat of the family of Balm, surrendered on a promise of mercy; but no sooner was the duke possessed of it, than he, and his sister Agnes, caused six and thirty of the garrison, many of them nobles, who all, to their last breath, called God to witness of their innocence, to be dragged to a neighbouring wood, and there beheaded in their presence.—Mastwanden, a castle of Eschenbach, was taken, and its whole garrison put to the sword. In the midst of the carnage, a child of Count Walter was discovered by his moans in a cradle, and with much difficulty saved by the ferocious soldiers from the relentless fury of Queen Agnes, who was preparing to butcher it with her own hands. She was then scarce six and twenty years of age.

" More than one thousand men, women, and children, having thus, chiefly at the instance of the relentless Agnes, been cruelly slaughtered, this queen, jointly with Elizabeth her mother, founded on the field where the murder had been committed, the site of the ancient Vindonissa, a sumptuous monastery for minorites and nuns of St. Clara. Its high altar was raised on the spot on which Albert had expired. This foundation has since flourished under the name of the Abbey of Koenigsfelden. It was exempted from all contributions and secular jurisdiction. The dowager-queen, Agnes, and many other princesses and illustrious dames, who were desirous to ingratiate themselves either with God or with the court, conferred on it ample endowments in lands, tithes, jewels, and rich garments. Agnes, who from her infancy had shown a great aversion to the splendour and dissipations of a court, and had reluctantly consented to her mar-

* "In the year 1313."

riage, fixed her abode near this monastery: every morning she attended the celebration of mass, and all the afternoon she worked with her maids at some church implement or decoration; she observed all the fasts and ceremonies with the most scrupulous punctuality, and displayed great humility and beneficence in washing the feet of pilgrims, and distributing alms to the poor; and yet she, in vain, endeavoured to prevail on a venerable hermit in the neighbourhood to visit the church of the monastery. 'They,' said he, 'who shed innocent blood, and found convents with the spoils of the victims, can never be truly pious. The Father of mercies delights in benignity and forgiveness.' Others have recorded also of this queen, that she possessed uncommon vigour and activity of mind, but that her great semblance of piety could not always be relied on with safety.

"Thus ended the restless ambition of Albert, which, while it cost him the love of all his subjects, and the confidence of his contemporary princes, terminated ultimately in his own untimely death, the ruin of the only son of a brother, and the final extirpation of an illustrious race of ancient barons and of many distinguished vassals. The bold achievement of the Swiss meanwhile drew on a series of hostilities, which, in less than a century, brought about the intimate union of all the states of Helvetia and Rætia, and finally the establishment of their renowned Confederacy." Vol. i. p. 158.

(To be concluded in our next.)

XX. *An Account of an Embassy to the Kingdom of Ava, sent by the Governor-general of India in the Year 1795.* By MICHAEL SYMES, Esq. Major in his Majesty's 76th Regiment. 4to. pp. 504. 2l. 2s.—large paper 3l. 3s. Nicol.

LIST OF PLATES,

Engraved by Medland, from Drawings by Singey Bey.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE PREFACE.

“OF the kingdom of Ava, or the Birman Empire, so little is known to the European world, that many persons of liberal education, when the name of the country has been mentioned, were at a loss on what part of the globe to seek for its position; and some were even unacquainted with the existence of such a nation.” P. vii.

“The rise and fortunes of Alompra, and the establishment of the present Birman dynasty, supply a short, but highly

highly interesting, period of Oriental history; these extraordinary events having happened within the memory of many persons still living, are authenticated by individuals, who themselves bore a part in the transactions: and although their relations are liable to that bias which is inseparable from the human mind, when the passions are engaged, and self-interest is concerned; yet the leading facts are such as do not admit of misrepresentation; to these, therefore, I have confined myself, as closely as perspicuity would allow." P. viii.

"The invasion of Ava by the Chinese, during the reign of King Shem-buan, and the subsequent expedition into the Cassay country, were recounted to me by an old Moolman soldier, who bore arms in both: he could have no inducement to deceive, and the leading circumstances of his narrative were confirmed from other quarters.

"The events which took place in the southern countries, in Pegue and Siam, were so generally known, that inquiry need only be made to obtain information." P. ix.

"In the orthography of Birman words I have endeavoured to express, by appropriate letters, the sounds as they struck my own ear. At the same time it is proper to remark, that scarcely any two persons will apply the same English letters to the same Birman words: this variation, which extends to the writing of all Oriental languages, and is not easily to be remedied, greatly discourages the English reader, and diminishes the pleasure of perusing books on the affairs of India. In the names of places I have in general followed the orthography of Mr. Wood, in his excellent chart of the Irrawaddy, the great river of Ava." P. xiv.

EXTRACTS.

ACCOUNT OF AVA AND THE NEIGHBOURING NATIONS.

"THERE are no countries on the habitable globe, where the arts of civilized life are understood, of which we have so limited a knowledge, as of those that lie between the British possessions in India, and the empire of China; concerning India beyond the Ganges, scarcely more was known to the ancients, than that such a country did exist. Undeserved importance is

oftentimes attributed to that which is imperfectly known: thus, we find, in the map of Ptolemy, the terms Aurea Regio, Argentea Regio, and Aurea Chersonesus, bestowed on countries eastward of the Ganges, and on the peninsula that divides the Bay of Bengal from the Magnus Sinus, or Gulf of Siam. But although no satisfactory information is to be obtained from writers of antiquity, respecting the population, produce, extent, or geographical position of those regions; yet it may be concluded, that even at the remote era when Ptolemy compiled his chart, the ports of the Eastern Peninsula were the seats of commerce, and resorted to by foreign merchants; as the author distinguishes places of note, on the sea-coast, by the titles Emporia; but with what people trade was carried on, or in what commodities they trafficked, is not any where ascertained.

"From this period almost total darkness seems to have obscured India extra Gangem, from the eyes of Europeans, until the enterprising genius of Emanuel, at the close of the 15th century, opened a new world, and laid the foundation of general wealth to Europe, on the ruin of the Egyptian trade, and of the state of Venice. Early in the 16th century, the Portuguese made themselves masters of Malacca, and soon acquired influence among the neighbouring maritime states. To the writers of this nation, history is principally indebted for whatever information has been obtained of the eastern countries of India; but their narratives so abound in hyperbole, and they recount such extravagant stories, that credit must be denied to many of their assertions; whilst, at the same time, their writings furnish some accurate traits of the genius and disposition of the people whom they describe. Even the accounts of Mendez de Pinto, the prince of fiction, although an intelligent traveller, will enable his readers to form an estimate of the importance and civilization of nations, which, at a later period, have, by many, been erroneously considered in a condition bordering on wild barbarity.

"From the testimony of Portuguese historians it appears, that in the middle of the 16th century, four powerful states divided amongst them the regions that lie between the south-east province

province of British India, Yunnan in China, and the Eastern Sea; their territories extended from Caffay and Assam, on the N. W. as far south-eastward as the island of Junkfeylon. These nations were known to Europeans by the names of Arracan, Ava, Pegue, and Siam. Arracan, properly Yee-Kein, borders on the S. E. province of British India, and includes the sea coast, with what is called the Broken Islands, as far south as Cape Negrais; Ava, the name of the ancient capital of the Birmans, has been usually accepted, as the name of the country at large, which is Miama. This empire is situated eastward of Arracan, from which it is divided by a ridge of lofty mountains, called by the natives Anou-pec-tou-miou, or the great western hilly country. On the N. W. it is separated from the kingdom of Caffay by the river Keen-duem; on the north, it is bounded by mountains and petty independent principalities, that lie contiguous to Assam; on the north-east, and east, it touches on China, and North Siam; on the south, its limits have so often varied, that it is difficult to ascertain them with any precision. The city of Prome, or Pee, seems to be the original and natural boundary of the Birman empire, although conquest has since stretched their dominion several degrees farther south. Pegue, called by the natives Bagoo, is the country southward of Ava, which occupies the sea coast as far as Martaban, properly Mondimaa, Prome was its northern frontier, and Siam adjoined on the east." P. 1.

"Pinto, and Faria de Souza, agree that the Birmans, though formerly subject to the king of Pegue, became afterwards masters of Ava, and caused a revolution in Pegue, about the middle of the 16th century. Hamilton, a much more recent author, says, that the kingdom of the Birmans extended from 'Maravi,' probably Mergui, near Tenasserim, to the province of Yunnan in China, about 800 miles from north to south, and 250 from east to west. The Portuguese assisted the Bir-

mans in their wars against the Peguers, and, according to Pinto, performed prodigies of valour. The account of the capture of Martaban*, and the treasures found therein, far exceed the limits of belief.

"The Portuguese continued to exercise an influence in the Birman and Pegue countries, and a still greater in Arracan, so long as they maintained an ascendancy over other European nations in the East; but on the seizure of their settlements, and abridgment of their dominions by the Dutch, the consequence that had been deservedly annexed to the Portuguese name, sunk into insignificance; and the Christian settlers degenerated into a contemptible race, distinguished only by their feebleness and vice. During the reign of Louis the XIVth several splendid attempts were made to propagate the doctrines of the church of Rome, and advance the interests of the French nation in the kingdom of Siam. Concerning these expeditions, accounts of unquestionable fidelity have been published; little, however, is related of Ava and Pegue, with whom, the Abbé Choisy says, 'the king of Siam was constantly at war.'

"In the beginning of the 17th century, both the English and Dutch had obtained settlements in various quarters of the Birman dominions, which were afterwards forfeited by the misconduct of the latter; and Europeans of all nations were banished from Ava. The English, many years subsequent to this expulsion, were reinstated in their factories at Syriam and Ava, where they appear to have traded, rather in the capacity of private merchants; than on the part of the India Company, in whose service they were not regularly enrolled. The island of Negrais was likewise taken possession of by the English, and a survey made of it by one Weldon, in the year 1687. On this island the government of Fort St. George established a settlement. Little benefit, however, seems to have been derived from the acquisition: the affairs of the India Company, and in-

* "Speaking of the capture of Martaban, Pinto says, 'During this siege, they of the city eat 3000 elephants; there were found 6000 pieces of artillery; as for gold, silver, precious stones, and jewels, that were found there, one truly knows not what they were, for those things are ordinarily concealed; wherefore it shall suffice me to say, that so much as the king of Brama had of Chaimbainham's treasure, amounted to an hundred millions of gold.' The account of the feast of Tinagoojoo is ludicrously extravagant."

deed of the nation, were in too precarious a state in another quarter of Asia, to admit of sparing the supplies of men and money requisite for its effectual support." P. 4.

ARRIVAL AT PEGUE—CELEBRATION
OF A FESTIVAL.

"IN the afternoon an officer, called Che-Key, second in rank to the Maywoon, and the Sere-dogee, or secretary of the provincial government, accompanied by Baba-Sheen, paid us a visit to tea. They informed me that the Maywoon, or viceroy, who had been much engaged in directing the preparations for the ensuing festival, hoped that we would wave ceremony, and give him our company on the following morning at the great temple of Shoemadoo, to view the amusements of the first day; an invitation that I gladly accepted from motives of curiosity as well as of respect.

"At eight o'clock in the morning Baba-Sheen arrived, in order to conduct us to the temple; he brought with him three small horses, equipped with saddles and bridles, resembling those used by the higher ranks of the inhabitants of Hindostan. After breakfast, Mr. Wood, Doctor Buchanan, and myself, mounted, and, attended by Baba-Sheen and an Ackedoo, an officer belonging to the Maywoon's household, also on horseback, set out to view the ceremony. We entered the new town by the nearest gate, and proceeded upwards of a quarter of a mile through the principal street, till we came to where it was crossed at right angles by another, which led from the Maywoon's residence to the temple: here our progress was stopped by a great concourse of people, and we perceived on each side of the way, troops marching by single files in slow time, towards the temple. By the advice of Baba-Sheen, we occupied a convenient spot to view the procession. The troops that we saw were the Maywoon's guard; five or six hundred men passed us in this manner, wretchedly armed and equipped; many had muskets that appeared in a very unserviceable state, with accoutrements not in a more respectable condition; some were provided with spears, others with sabres; whilst their dress was as motley as their wea-

pons. Several were naked to the middle, having only a kummerband, or waistcloth, rolled round their waist, and passed between their legs; some were dressed in old velvet, or cloth coats, which they put on regardless of size or fashion, although it scarce covered their nakedness, or trailed on the ground: it was finery, and finery in any shape was welcome. Some wore Dutch broad-brimmed hats, bound with gold lace; others the crowns of hats, without any brim at all; the officers of this martial band, who were, for the most part, Christian descendants of Portuguese ancestors, exhibited a very grotesque appearance. The first personages of rank that passed by were three children of the Maywoon, borne astride upon men's shoulders; the eldest, a boy about eight years of age; the youngest, a girl not more than five; the latter only was legitimate, being the first born of his present wife; the two elder were the offsprings of concubines. The Maywoon followed at a short distance, mounted on the neck of a very fine elephant, which he guided himself. His dress was handsome and becoming; he had on a dark velvet robe, with long sleeves, trimmed with broad gold lace, and on his head he wore a conical cap of the same material, richly embroidered: a number of parade elephants, in tawdry housings, brought up the rear. As we had not been formally introduced, he passed by, without honouring us with any notice. Proceeding to the foot of the steps that lead to the pagoda, his elephant knelt down, to suffer him to alight. Whilst he was in the performance of this act, the parade elephants knelt also, and the crowd that followed squatted on their heels. Having ascended the flight of steps, he put off his shoes, and walked once round the temple without his umbrella, which was laid aside, out of reverence to the sanctity of the place. When he had finished this ceremony, he proceeded to the scene of amusement, a sort of theatre, erected at an angle of the area of the temple. Two saloons, or open halls, separate from the great building, formed two sides of the theatre, which was about fifty feet square, covered by an awning of grais, spread on a flat roof of slender canes, supported by bamboo poles.

poles. Beneath the projecting verge of the roof of one of the saloons there was an elevated seat, with a handsome canopy of cloth, for the accommodation of the Maywoon and his three children; and on a bare bench beneath him sat the principal officers of his court. On the left side of the theatre, a similar canopy and chair were erected for the Maywoon of Martaban, who happened at this time to be passing by to take possession of his government. Opposite to him, under the roof of the other saloon, seats were provided for the English gentlemen, covered with fine carpeting, but without any canopy. The diversions of this day consisted entirely of boxing and wrestling. In order to prevent injury to the champions, the ground had been prepared, and made soft with moistened sand. At the latter exercise they seemed to be very expert; a short stout man was particularly distinguished for his superior skill and strength: we were told, that in former contests he had killed two of his antagonists. The first that encountered him on the present occasion, though much superior in size, was, after a short struggle, pitched on his head, and, as the bystanders said, severely hurt. Many others displayed great activity and address; but in the art of boxing they seemed very deficient, notwithstanding they used fists, knees, and elbows. The battles were of short duration; blood drawn on either side terminated the contest; and even without it the Maywoon would not suffer them to contend long. At the end of an engagement both combatants approached the Maywoon's throne, and prostrated themselves before him, with their foreheads to the ground, whilst an attendant spread on the shoulders of each two pieces of cotton cloth, as the reward of their exertions, which they carried away in a crouching position, until they mingled with the crowd. The places of those who retired were immediately filled by fresh pugilists. This amusement lasted for three hours, until we became quite weary of it; tea and sweetmeats in great profusion were afterwards served to us, in the name of the Maywoon. We departed without ceremony, and got home about four o'clock, extremely oppressed by the intense heat of the weather." P. 167.

DRAMATIC REPRESENTATION—PURIFICATORY CEREMONIAL.

"THE solar year of the Birmans was now drawing to a close, and the three last days are usually spent by them in merriment and feasting; we were invited by the Maywoon to be present on the evening of the 10th of April, at the exhibition of a dramatic representation.

"At a little before eight o'clock, the hour when the play was to commence, we proceeded to the house of the Maywoon, accompanied by Baba-Sheen, who, on all occasions, acted as master of the ceremonies. The theatre was the open court, splendidly illuminated by lamps and torches; the Maywoon and his lady sat in a projecting balcony of his house: we occupied seats below him, raised about two feet from the ground, and covered with carpets; a crowd of spectators were seated in a circle round the stage. The performance began immediately on our arrival, and far excelled any Indian drama I had ever seen. The dialogue was spirited, without rant; and the action animated, without being extravagant: the dresses of the principal performers were showy and becoming. I was told that the best actors were natives of Siam, a nation which, though unable to contend with the Birmans and Peguers in war, have cultivated with more success the refined arts of peace. By way of an interlude between the acts, a clownish buffoon entertained the audience with a recital of different passages, and by grimace and frequent alterations of tone and countenance, extorted loud peals of laughter from the spectators. The Birmans seem to delight in mimicry, and are very expert in the practice, possessing uncommon verifiability of countenance. An eminent practitioner of this art amused us with a specimen of his skill at our own house, and, to our no small astonishment, exhibited a masterly display of the passions, in pantomimic looks and gestures; the transitions he made from pain to pleasure, from joy to despair, from rage to mildness, from laughter to tears; his expression of terror, and, above all, his look of idiotism, were performances of first-rate merit in their line, and we agreed in opinion, that had his fates decreed him to have been a native of Great

Britain his genius would have rivalled that of any modern comedian of the English stage.

"The plot of the drama performed this evening I understood was taken from the sacred text of the Ramayan of Balmiec*, a work of high authority amongst the Hindoos. It represented the battles of the holy Ram and the impious Rahwaan, chief of the Rakus, or demons, to revenge the rape of Seeta, the wife of Ram, who was forcibly carried away by Rahwaan, and bound under the spells of enchantment. Vicissitudes of fortune took place during the performance, that seemed highly interesting to the audience. Ram was at length wounded by a poisoned arrow; the sages skilled in medicine consulted on his cure; they discovered, that on the mountain Indragurru grew a certain tree that produced a gum, which was a sovereign antidote against the deleterious effects of poison; but the distance was so great that none could be found to undertake the journey: at length, Honymaan†, leader of the army of apes, offered to go in quest of it. When he arrived at the place, being uncertain which was the tree, he took up half the mountain, and transported it with ease: thus was the cure of Ram happily effected, the enchantment was broken, and the piece ended with a dance and songs of triumph.

"On the 12th of April, the last day of the Birman year, we were invited by the Maywoon to bear a part ourselves in a sport that is universally practised throughout the Birman dominions on the concluding day of their annual cycle. To wash away the impurities of the past, and commence the new year free from stain, women on this day are accustomed to throw water on every man they meet, which the men have the privilege of retorting; this licence gives rise to a great deal of harmless merriment, particularly amongst the young women, who, armed with large syringes and flagons, endeavour to wet every man that goes along the street, and, in their turn, receive a wetting with perfect good humour; nor is the smallest indecency ever manifested in this or in

any other of their sports. Dirty water is never cast; a man is not allowed to lay hold of a woman, but may fling as much water over her as he pleases, provided she has been the aggressor; but if a woman warns a man that she does not mean to join in the diversion, it is considered as an avowal of pregnancy, and she passes without molestation.

"About an hour before sunset we went to the Maywoon's, and found that his lady had provided plentifully to give us a wet reception. In the hall were placed three large china jars, full of water, with bowls and ladles to fling it. Each of us, on entering, had a bottle of rose-water presented to him, a little of which we in turn poured into the palm of the Maywoon's hand, who sprinkled it over his own vest of fine flowered muslin; the lady then made her appearance at the door, and gave us to understand that she did not mean to join in the sport herself, but made her eldest daughter, a pretty child, in the nurse's arms, pour from a golden cup some rose-water mixed with sandalwood, first over her father, and then over each of the English gentlemen: this was a signal for the sport to begin. We were prepared, being dressed in linen waistcoats. From ten to twenty women, young and middle-aged, rushed into the hall from the inner apartments, who surrounded and deluged without mercy four men ill able to maintain so unequal a contest. The Maywoon was soon driven from the field; but Mr. Wood having got possession of one of the jars, we were enabled to preserve our ground till the water was exhausted: it seemed to afford them great diversion, especially if we appeared at all distressed by the quantity of water flung in our faces. All parties being tired, and completely drenched, we went home to change our clothes, and in the way met many damsels who would willingly have renewed the sport; they, however, were afraid to begin without receiving encouragement from us, not knowing how it might be taken by strangers; but they assailed Baba-Sheen and his Birman attendants with little cere-

* "Called by Sir William Jones, Valmiec."

† "Honymaan is worshipped by the Hindoos under the form of an ape, and is one of the most frequent objects of their adoration: almost every Hindoo pagoda has this figure delineated in some part of it. Honymaan is the term used by the Hindoos, to denote a large ape."

mony.

mony. No inconvenient consequences were to be apprehended from the wetting; the weather was favourable, and we ran no risk of taking cold. Having put on dry clothes, we returned to the Maywoon's, and were entertained with a dance and puppet-show that lasted till eleven." P. 176.

(To be continued.)

XXI. *Sketch of the Life and literary Career of Augustus Von Kotzebue*; with the Journal of his Tour to Paris, at the Close of the Year 1790. Written by HIMSELF.—Translated from the German by ANNE PLUMTRE. To which is subjoined an Appendix, including a general Abstract of Kotzebue's Works. 8vo. pp. 384. 7s.—Symonds.

CONTENTS.

TRANSLATOR's Advertisement
—A Sketch of my literary Career—My Flight to Paris—Some Account of a theatrical Institution at Reval—An Anecdote of Kotzebue's Youth—General Sketch of Kotzebue's Works.

ADVERTISEMENT BY THE TRANSLATOR.

"SHORT abstracts of the following Life have already been published in various ways and under various forms, but with considerable mistakes and misrepresentations. One of these abstracts is accompanied by a note, stating, that many things in the original are omitted in the translation, because they would have been uninteresting to the English reader. Many things indeed are omitted, since the Life is compressed into scarcely more than a tythe of its original length.

"If any apology for differing from this opinion be thought necessary, the present Translator offers hers in Kotzebue's own words: 'Should I be reproached with having intruded a collection of trifling insignificant circumstances upon the world, I will not pretend to refute the charge; I shall only observe, that according to

'my ideas, to those who make the human heart their study nothing can be uninteresting which contributes towards tracing the progress of its formation.'

"To the speculative part of mankind, the translator trusts that this will be a sufficient apology for the publication of the present volume, since its sole object is to develop more fully to the English reader the heart and mind of an author whose works have obtained to high a degree of reputation in this country. To those who may take up the volume with the expectation of finding a succession of extraordinary adventures, she has no apology to offer, sensible that they must experience disappointment. It pretends to nothing more than exhibiting an interesting picture of an ardent and amiable character." P. iii.

EXTRACTS.

"IN the autumn of 1784 I went to Petersburg*. The celebrated poet Lenz, author of the *New Menozza*, was my predecessor in the office to which I was now appointed. He had excited much dissatisfaction in his post, since, instead of attending regularly to the necessary public business, his attention was frequently diverted to a poem he was writing, for which there was no necessity at all. I resolved, therefore, to take warning from his example, and avoiding the rock upon which he had split, to forego the muses entirely, but *naturam si furor expellat*. An entire half year indeed elapsed, in which, adhering firmly to my resolution, my superiors could not entertain the least suspicion that a spark of poetry illumined my breast, or that my name had ever appeared in the catalogues for Leipzig fair. This reserve, on the subject of my literary attainments originated in observations I had myself made, by which I was convinced that in the world at large a being who understands nothing but how to make rhymes is considered, and perhaps justly, as of very little account.

"An accidental occurrence, however, once more irresistibly drew forth my vanity from under the charitable controul of reason. The great and excellent engineer, General Bawr,

* It does not appear from Kotzebue's writings in what capacity he now went to the Russian capital.

passing through Riga, met by chance with the collection of tales† already noticed. The name caught his immediate attention; he started, and inquiring particulars respecting the author, learned, to his no small surprise, that it was the same Kotzebue who then laboured, under him, at a very different species of employment. He purchased the book, brought it back with him to Petersburg, and one day at table produced it unexpectedly. The colour that instantly rose in my face betrayed me, and the applause I received on this occasion blew the embers, still smothering in my bosom, again into a blaze.

"By degrees, I resumed the delightful occupation of devoting my leisure hours, which indeed were but few, to my old literary pursuits. A German theatre had been for some little time established at Petersburg, but on a very indifferent footing. A lady, of the name of Teller, was the only one among the performers who possessed any real talents for the stage. The next in rank to her, for ability, was Fiala; a specimen sufficient to give an idea of their general mediocrity. The receipts of the house were very small, and the whole institution was on the point of falling to the ground, when the intriguing Fiala applied to General Bawr, entreating him, as a German, to take it under his protection, and to use his influence with the Tzarina for procuring its enrollment among her Imperial theatres. This was accordingly done, Bawr undertook the direction himself, and from that moment I was restored to my own element.

"I wrote a tragedy, in five acts, called *Demetrius, Tzar of Moscow*, taken from the well-known story of the true or false Demetrius, who, according to report, was murdered as a child at Ugliitch, but who afterwards appeared supported by the Poles, and dethroned the traitor Boris Godunow. The world needs not now to be informed that the best historians are divided upon the question whether or not this Demetrius was an impostor. A strong prejudice was at least awakened in his favour, from the woman who was undoubted mother to the child supposed to have been murdered bursting into an agony of tears, in the midst of a numerous assembly of the people, at beholding the adven-

turer, as he was called, and with the wildest effusions of joy acknowledging him as her son. It is however, alas! but too certain, that policy has often engaged even maternal tenderness in its interest, and those tears might not improbably be artfully shed by Maria Feodorowna, from hatred to the usurper, and a desire of revenging herself by contributing in any way to his downfall. Be this as it may, I did not like, in my capacity of tragedian, to produce an impostor as the hero of my piece, and accordingly I supported his being really the dethroned prince.

"When my drama was completed, I read it to a small but chosen circle. The then Prussian ambassador at the Russian court, and the president of the academy of arts and sciences at Petersburg, men of acknowledged and distinguished taste in literature, were among my audience. The piece was approved, probably more from the indulgence of my hearers than from its own merit. Such, at least, is the impression I now have upon the subject, as I should by no means venture at present to bring it upon the stage. General Bawr ordered it to be immediately performed; and very splendid dresses and decorations, after the old Russian costume, were prepared for it.

"As the Tzarina had consigned the entire management of the theatre to Bawr, he thought his own fiat sufficient, and that it was unnecessary to lay the manuscript before the theatrical censor. But this piece of negligence nearly proved the overthrow of all my transports. As the intended day of representation approached, and had been announced in the public prints, the governor of the police sent one morning to the theatre, prohibiting the performance. Fiala, thunderstruck, hastened to General Bawr, and the general to the governor, to assure him that my tragedy was perfectly inoffensive. But this signified little. It appeared that Peter the Great had issued an ukase, expressly declaring Demetrius an impostor; and this being still in force, was more incontestible evidence against him than the tears of his mother were in his favour. In vain did I urge that I was wholly ignorant of the existence of such an ukase: it was still asked, how I dared, in the very face of an Imperial decree, to present my

† Published at Leipzig.

hero to the public under the title of Tzar of Moscow.

"Esteem and consideration for General Bawr, however, at length removed even this difficulty, and the governor of the police consented to the representation of my play, yet not without previously sending an officer to me with an injunction to make such alterations as that Demetrius should be publicly unmasked, and displayed before all the people in his true character of an impostor. Mortified to the last degree at the idea of thus mutilating my offspring, I represented to the officer that the piece might as well be thrown at once into the fire; but my remonstrances were of no avail, he resolutely insisted that this trifling alteration should be made. My only resource was in another application to the general, who once more stood my friend, and finally procured a compromise of the matter. The performance of the piece as I had written it was permitted, on condition of my making, in my own person, a solemn declaration that I was firmly convinced of Demetrius' imposture, and in representing the matter otherwise in my play had only been guilty of a poetical licence.

"All obstacles being thus at last removed, my unfortunate tragedy was performed before a numerous audience, whose curiosity was considerably increased by so many demurs. It was received with an applause to which the forbearance generally practised towards youth could alone give me any pretension." P. 77.

"In the year 1782 some of my friends who had influence at court had fixed their minds on establishing me in a post, to which they thought it would prove a strong recommendation in my favour, were I to write a volume of moral tales and fables for young princes, and dedicate it to the Grand Duke's son. Never having felt within myself any propensity to this species of poetry, I hesitated much about such an undertaking, but since it was to serve as a vehicle for future promotion, I at length resolved to make the experiment.

"I immediately mentioned the idea to my publisher at Peterburgh, a worthy man, but who not being a person of great talents himself, regarded what little I possessed with a degree of enthusiasm. He engaged,

without a moment's hesitation, not only to take my fables, but to publish them in a very splendid manner, and had scarcely patience to wait for beginning to print, till I had properly corrected the first sheets. He came to me daily, and at last almost seized upon the copy, and sent it off to the press. The fables were printed on the finest vellum paper, with a copper-plate to each, even though it did not extend beyond one octavo page. Four sheets were thus finished off in the greatest haste, when he brought them to me with an air of extreme exultation; and indeed, as to what concerned outward show he had some reason to exult.

"But how much was I shocked, when, on carefully examining their intrinsic worth, led perhaps to investigate this the more minutely from the splendour of their external appearance, I could not but be sensible that not one rose above mediocrity! I became immediately convinced that I had no talent for this species of writing, and I therefore resolved not to prosecute a plan by which I should only expose myself; so, paying the publisher all that he had lavished in these expensive decorations, the work was consigned to eternal oblivion.

"Oh ye! who have so often and so bitterly reproached me with vanity, now behold I give you the lie. The re-purchase of my fables cost me many hundred roubles, but my self-love never breathed a single sigh over their destruction." P. 85.

"In the autumn of 1787 I was first seized with an illness, which for several years held me suspended between death, and what is perhaps still more to be deprecated than death itself, the apprehension of sinking into a confirmed melancholy. It was during the height of this disorder that I wrote *Misanthropy and Repentance*, and *The Indians in England*. These two pieces were finished in the space of not more than eight or nine weeks. Never, either before or since, did I feel such a rapid flow of ideas and imagery as during that period; and I believe it to be undeniable, that by some kinds of illness, particularly those in which the irritation of the nerves is increased, the powers of the mind are abundantly elevated, as diseased muscles alone produce pearls." P. 91.

The author thus describes the cause of

of his visit to Paris:—"The best of wives was suddenly snatched from this earth, and poignant anguish for her loss, drove me as a fugitive into the wide world. I fled to Paris, and remained for half a year amid the bustle of that capital, without so much as giving a hint to our ambassador of my being there. But wearied, after a while, with living in the midst of such convulsions, I transferred my abode to Mentz, which then enjoyed profound peace and tranquillity. Here I arranged for the press a detail of the heavy calamity I had experienced, and of my consequent wanderings, which was soon after published under the title of *My Flight to Paris*." P. 95.

PARIS—DUTCHESS OF BIRON.

"December 1790.

"SOME days ago a dreadful scene took place at the opera. The piece performed was *Iphigenia*. At the chorus *chanteurs*, *celebrons notre reine*, the Dutchess of Biron, and some others in the neighbouring boxes, clapped, and applauded extremely, and called '*Encore! encore!*' which is not usual at the opera. The performers, however, ventured to repeat the chorus, when the Dutchess threw a laurel leaf upon the stage. This was enough, and more than enough, to rouse the people's fury. They hissed, they cried, they gave the Dutchess very opprobrious epithets; they got oranges, apples, and pears, both hard and soft, and pelted her so that her box was soon like a fruitshop, and she herself all over bruises; fortunately, a knife that was thrown missed her. Some among the populace, more wanton than wicked, brought in a bundle of rods, to chastise her before the eyes of the whole public. She had sufficient presence of mind to keep her seat, and let them go on, with perfect composure. Had she quitted her box, they had probably broke into the saloon; and had she attempted to say a single word, or to make any offensive gesture, they had probably broke into her box.

"At length, all was quiet. The dutchess had all the apples, pears, and oranges, and, above all, the knife collected together, and sent them the next morning to the Marquis de la Fayette, with her compliments, and

she had sent him some *striking* testimonies of French freedom, which she requested him to offer upon the altar of liberty in her name.

"On the following day, Enné, the player, who was the principal offender in the repetition of the chorus, was compelled to make a very submissive apology for his conduct, and to trample the laurel wreath under his feet.

"Proofs of the licentiousness of the people may be collected daily in abundance. The driver of the *fiacre*, in which we returned yesterday evening to the Russian and English hotel, where we lodge, called my companion *mon ami*. The latter replied with a smile, 'Do you really believe me your friend?'—'Ah, bah! bah!' said the driver, 'we are all equal.'

"Our *valets de place* also, after having called us a coach to go to the opera, desired leave, without any ceremony, to get in, 'because,' he said, 'the weather was very bad'." P. 199.

"On the *Theatre de la Nation*, formerly the *Theatre Français*, in particular, scarcely is the representation of any thing endured, excepting of tragedies that have some reference to revolutions, and that place tyranny and fanaticism in an odious light. *Brutus*, *William Tell*, *the Death of Cesar*, *the Deliverance of Rome*, and *Jean Calas*, are repeated night after night with thunders of applause. The tragical history of the latter has, indeed, within a short time, been brought before the public in every possible form.

"But while the stage resounds with the name of Jean Calas, the people are not aware what agonizing wounds are thus torn open. The poor widow of this unfortunate man has, for the last fifteen years, lived, together with her two daughters, in the *Rue Poissonnière*, at Paris. She has never laid aside her mourning since the loss of her husband, nor has ever wound up the clock that stopped on the day of his death. Whenever a sentence is proclaimed in the streets, the maid always hastens down to the criers to beg of them not to proclaim it within hearing of that house, the sound always throws her poor mistress into a swoon.

"I was inexpressibly affected by this anecdote. Never would I be present at the representation of Jean Calas. It is impossible for any thing to increase the impression made upon me by the single, simple circumstance, that

the widow has never wound up the clock that stopped on the day of her husband's death." P. 257.

LIST OF KOTZEBUE'S WORKS.—
DRAMATIC WORKS†.

"The Hermit of Formentera. A musical piece, in two acts.

"Adelaide of Wulfsingen. A tragedy, in five acts*.

"The Dilettanti Theatre before the Parliament. A musical after-piece, in one act.

"Misanthropy and Repentance. A drama, in five acts*.

"The Indians in England. A drama, in three acts*.

"The Beautiful Stranger. A dramatic piece, in one act.

"The Noble Lie. A dramatic piece, in one act*.

"The Virgin of the Sun. A drama, in five acts*.

"The Natural Son. A drama, in five acts*.

"Brother Maurice the Humourist, or the Colony for the Pelew Islands. A drama, in three acts.

"The Female Jacobin Club. An after-piece, in one act.

"The Parrot. A drama, in three acts.

"Sultan Wampum, or the Wishes. A musical piece, in three acts.

"The Knight of the Mirror. An opera, in three acts.

"Count Benyowsky, or the Conspiracy of Kamtschatka. A drama, in five acts*.

"The Spaniards in Peru, or the Death of Rolla. A tragedy, in five acts*.

"Poverty and Magnanimity. A drama, in three acts*.

"The Man of Forty Years old. An after-piece, in one act.

"The Widow and the Riding Horse, A dramatic trifle, in one act*.

"The Repining Husbands. A dramatic piece, in one act.

"The Negro Slaves. A drama, in three acts*.

"The Calumniators. A drama, in five acts*.

"False Shame. A comedy, in four acts*.

"The Count of Burgundy. A drama, in four acts*.

"The Madcap. A comedy, in three acts.

"La Peyrouse. A drama, in two acts*.

"The Reconciliation. A drama, in five acts*.

"The Relations. A comedy, in five acts.

"The Voluntary Sacrifice. A drama, in three acts*.

"The Children of Misfortune. An after-piece, in one act.

"The Silver Wedding Day. A drama, in five acts*.

"The Corsicans. A drama, in four acts*.

"The old Body Coachman to Peter the Third. A dramatic piece, in one act.

"Ill-humour. A drama, in four acts*.

"The Village in the Mountains. A musical piece, in two acts.

"The hyperborean Afs. A dramatic piece, in one act." P. 376.

"Besides this long list of dramatic works, Kotzebue has published,

"The Sufferings of the Family of Ortenberg; a romance, in two volumes.

"Miscellaneous Pieces, in four volumes; and,

"The Youngest Offspring of my Fancy, a miscellaneous collection, in six volumes.

"The first of these has been translated into English. The preceding *Flight to Paris*, and the account of the *Dilettanti Theatre as Revue*, are extracted from the miscellaneous works. Of the other pieces in these volumes, the romance of *Ildegerte, Queen of Norway*, and *The History of my Father*, a very whimsical but amusing trifle, have both received English dresses. In these miscellaneous works are included some of the author's early dramatic productions.

"From *The Youngest Offspring of my Fancy* are taken Kotzebue's *Life*, the Anecdote of his Youth, and the little Dialogue on his Wife's Birth-day. From these volumes have also been published in English the beautiful tale of *William and Jeannette*, and the extraordinary account of Joseph Pignatta's escape from the prisons of the Inquisition at Rome, called by the title of *The Escape*." P. 381.

† Of all those marked with an asterisk, complete English translations have been published."

XXII. *The Miscellaneous Works of Hugh Boyd, the Author of the Letters of Junius. With an Account of his Life and Writings.* By LAWRENCE DUNDAS CAMPBELL. 2 vol. 8vo. pp. 1109. —with a portrait, 16s. *Cadell and Davies.*

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

LIFE of Mr. Boyd—Preface to the Letters of the Freeholder—Letters of the Freeholder—Letters of Democraticus—Letters of the Whig—Preface to the Genuine Abstracts of Lord Chatham's Speeches—Genuine Abstracts—Miscellaneous Poems.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

Preface to the Embassy to Candy, containing an historical Account of the Island of Ceylon—Journal of an Embassy from the Government of Madras to the King of Candy in Ceylon—Extract of a Letter from Mr. Boyd to a Friend, giving an Account of his Embassy to the King of Candy, together with some Particulars of his Capture by the French Fleet, and of the Islands of Mauritius and Bourbon—Letter from Mr. Boyd to the King of Candy—Letter from Suffrein, Admiral and Commandant of the French Fleet, in the Indian Seas, in the Year 1782, to Mr. Boyd—Letter from Mr. Boyd to his Excellency the Marquis De Buffly, Lieutenant General and Commander in Chief of his Most Christian Majesty's Forces in India—Indian Observer, containing only those Essays in that Work which were written by Mr. Boyd.

EXTRACT FROM THE PREFACE.

"I NOW present to the public some part of the Miscellaneous Works of Hugh Boyd, the author of *Junius*, together with a full and accurate account of his Life and Writings. The first volume contains the greatest part of the political papers which he wrote between the years 1776 and 1781, his genuine Abstracts of two celebrated Speeches of the great Earl of Chat-

ham, and also a few Poems, which I publish merely to show the versatility of his mind. The second volume comprises the Journal of his Embassy from the Government of Madras to the King of Candy, in the island of Ceylon, with some Letters relative thereto, and his Essays in the *Indian Observer*.

"His political papers are extremely interesting, not only from their striking similitude to the Letters of *Junius*, but from their own intrinsic merit. The memorable speeches of the Earl of Chatham are here rendered the more valuable, from the uncommon precision with which they are given, and the masterly and eloquent preface by which they are illustrated. The Journal of his Embassy to Candy is a tract of no inconsiderable importance in the history of British India, and will therefore be useful to every person connected with that country: nor will it be unentertaining to the public at large, as well from the character of its author, as from the neatness and vivacity of its style. In the preface to the Journal, I have endeavoured to supply that information respecting the island of Ceylon, which it was Mr. Boyd's intention to have written, and which will, I hope, be found no less instructive than it is necessary. The Letter annexed to the Journal gives a lively account of his capture by the French fleet, and of his subsequent imprisonment in the islands of *Mauritius* and *Bourbon*. This letter exhibits a specimen of Mr. Boyd's familiar style, which is easy, unaffected, and perspicuous. The Essays in the *Indian Observer*, though not to be compared in point of literary excellence with the highly-finished productions of his early and more studious years, are nevertheless worthy of being ranked among them, both on account of their principles and sentiments, and of the elegant, if not nervous language, in which these are clothed.

"Such are the Miscellaneous Writings of Mr. Boyd, contained in these volumes, and such are their respective claims to the notice of the public. In the course of the present year, I propose to publish an additional volume, consisting of the Letters signed *Lucius* and *Brutus*, which Mr. Woodfall acknowledges to have been written by *Junius*; and of several others of Mr. Boyd's, that appeared at different times in the *Public Advertiser*." P. v.

EXTRACTS.

EXTRACTS.

MR. BOYD'S BIRTH, FAMILY, &c.

"HUGH Boyd was the second son of Alexander Macauley, Esq. of the county of Antrim, in Ireland, who had long been the intimate friend of Dean Swift. Mr. Macauley was bred to the law, and having very early distinguished himself at the Irish bar, he was first appointed one of the King's counsel, and afterwards judge of the consistory court of Dublin. At the time of his death he had a seat in the Irish House of Commons, and was, through his whole life, much esteemed for his talents and virtues. He married Miss Boyd, the daughter of Hugh Boyd, Esq. of Ballycastle, in the same county; a gentleman of plentiful fortune and great respectability. By this lady, Mr. Macauley had two sons and two daughters. Hugh, the youngest of his sons, and the subject of this narrative, was born at Ballycastle, in the county of Antrim, the family seat of his maternal grandfather, in the month of October 1746, where he continued during his infancy." P. 3.

"So early as the age of fourteen he was placed at the Trinity College, Dublin, and was entered a gentleman commoner of that seminary at the November term in 1760. About this time he became known to the late Mr. Flood, who was then the greatest ornament of the Irish House of Commons; and whose eloquence first produced in Mr. Boyd's mind that desire of attending parliamentary debates which so much distinguished his future life. The attention with which he used to listen to Mr. Flood's private conversation, and the accurate reports which he used to make of his public speeches, induced that accomplished man to cherish those rising talents, which, in their maturity, he continued to befriend." Vol. i. p. 11.

"He left his native country, a few months after the death of his father (1766), and came to London, in search of fortune and fame. The respectability of his family, together with the elegance of his deportment, as well as the insinuating politeness of his address, soon procured him an introduction into the gay circles of fashionable life; nor was he long unnoticed in the literary sphere. He became acquainted with

Goldsmith, Doctor Armstrong, and David Garrick, who had then reached the summit of their fame, and with whom he ever afterwards continued in habits of intimacy. About this time he also became acquainted with the celebrated Mrs. Macauley, to whose husband he was related. Charmed with his wit and talents, she frequently invited him to her house, and there he had constant opportunities of mixing in the conversation of the most distinguished geniuses of the age." Vol. i. p. 14.

"Towards the latter end of the year 1768, he commenced a correspondence with the daily paper, entitled the *Public Advertiser*, at that time conducted by Mr. Henry Sampson Woodfall, which he kept up with the greatest caution, and the most impenetrable secrecy, for three years and some months. The nature and purport of this correspondence he never disclosed to any one of his friends, not even to Mrs. Boyd; and he died in possession of his secret. Mrs. Boyd, however, has long been convinced, from a variety of strong concurring circumstances, that this secret was nothing less than his being the writer of those celebrated Letters which appeared in the *Public Advertiser*, under the signature of JUNIUS, during the years 1769, 1770, 1771, and in January 1772." Vol. i. p. 28.

"In the latter end of the year 1768, the author of Junius's Letters commenced his correspondence with the *Public Advertiser*; and on the 21st of January 1769, the first letter under the signature of Junius appeared in that paper. During the years 1769 and 1770, he also wrote occasionally in the same paper under the signatures of *Lucius* and *Brutus*, and he sometimes sent communications to Mr. H. S. Woodfall, without any signature at all. The letters under the signature of *Philo Junius*, he has himself acknowledged, were his own productions. He likewise wrote private letters to some distinguished persons, under the signature of Junius, which were transmitted to them through Mr. H. S. Woodfall.

"Now it is a certain fact, that Mr. Boyd commenced his correspondence with the *Public Advertiser*, precisely at the same period of time with Junius.

* "See the preface to Junius, in page 1, of Woodfall's edition."

In the winter of 1768, he sent several letters to Mr. Woodfall; the contents of which he kept a secret from Mrs. Boyd. In the beginning of January 1769, he was at great pains in accustoming himself to disguise his hand-writing. He used frequently in the course of a forenoon to come from his study, in which he had locked himself up, into the parlour; and showing Mrs. Boyd some slips of paper on which he had written, would ask her, whether she thought he had disguised his hand? She told him that he had disguised it so completely, that none but *those who were very well acquainted with his common hand would suspect the writing to be his.*" Vol. i. p. 130.

"On the 19th of December 1769, Junius's letter to a Great Personage made its appearance, and set the whole town in a ferment. Ministers spared no expense, no trouble, no secret arts, no means whatever that either their ingenuity could suggest, or the public purse supply, to discover the author. Treasury spies were stationed in every place where there was the smallest likelihood of gaining intelligence respecting him; and every exertion was made to intercept his correspondence with Woodfall, whose office, at the corner of Ivy-lane, was for that purpose closely watched.

"Mr. Boyd at this time carried on his correspondence with the Public Advertiser, with a caution so studied, and a secrecy so impenetrable, as to surprise Mrs. Boyd, and make a lasting impression on her mind. After writing in his study for several days together, he would ask Mrs. Boyd to take a walk with him, often in the dusk of the evening, and sometimes at night; and after having conducted her to some by-way, or unfrequented street, would stop, as if suddenly recollecting himself, and saying, '*he had a letter to send to Woodfall,*' took a large packet from his pocket, and put it into a remote penny-post office. At other times he would give it to Mrs. Boyd, and desire her to carry it to the corner of Ivy-lane, and put it into Woodfall's letter-box. When they returned home, Mrs. Boyd often hinted to him, that she suspected he was Junius, to which

he made no reply, but would ingeniously change the conversation. Once or twice, when he was asking her opinion of some favourite passages in Junius, she has told she wished he was Junius, at which he would smile, and only say—'*Should you?*'—'Unfortu-
'nately,' says Mrs. Boyd, in a letter to me, 'I always added, that if he was *actually Junius*, I should never forgive him, for keeping the secret from me; and this I imagine was one strong reason for his not disclosing it to me, after all the bustle about 'Junius had subsided.'—'Some-
'times,' continues Mrs. Boyd, 'on going to dinner, or supper, and find-
'ing him writing in his study, I have gone to the desk, asking questions, on which he would *immediately cover his writings*, and say something lively about female curiosity. Sometimes he wrote under other signatures, and would ask me to copy what he had composed, and which were sent in my hand-writing to Woodfall. In particular, I copied a letter addressed to Sir Fletcher Norton, on his being chosen Speaker of the House of Com-
'mons *.' This took place in the month of March 1770. Throughout the remainder of that year, and during the spring of 1771, Mr. Boyd continued to write, with the most unremitting diligence and secrecy, and to transmit what he had written to Mr. Woodfall, by the same methods that I have already mentioned.

"In April 1771, he was under the necessity of going to Ireland for ten days, on very urgent business. Yet his correspondence with Mr. Woodfall was of too much importance to be neglected: for in that short space of time he sent Mrs. Boyd *three large packets*, with the most particular injunctions to put them *immediately* into Woodfall's letter-box.

"In the month of June 1771, he took a house at Kenton-green, near Harrow. In the course of this summer it is well known that the controversy took place between Mr. Horne and Junius. Respecting that controversy Mr. Boyd manifested the utmost eagerness; and while it lasted, he used, for several days together, to lock him-

* "This letter, together with several others of Mr. Boyd's that appeared at different times in Mr. Woodfall's paper, shall be presented to the public in the course of this year, as a third volume to these works."

self up, his study immediately after breakfast, and never make his appearance again, until dinner was announced. When he had finished what he was writing, he would walk into London with it, and walk back the same day †. In talking to Mrs. Boyd about Mr. Horne's long letter to Junius, he confessed 'that Mr. H. was an ingenious and able reasoner, but that Junius, notwithstanding this, had the better of him;' observing at the same time, that Junius's expression, 'that Mr. Wilkes should be supported while he was a thorn in the King's side,' was both very unguarded and unfortunate."—*Vol. i. p. 135.*

"In Junius's dedication, the author observes,—'that the King may possibly be advised to dissolve the present parliament a year or two before it expires of course, and precipitate a new election, in hopes of taking the nation by surprise.'—Now Mr. Boyd went over to Ireland in September 1774, and on the 30th of that month a proclamation was very suddenly and unexpectedly issued for dissolving the parliament; upon which he immediately wrote to Mrs. Boyd, triumphantly reminding her, that Junius had predicted the dissolution.

"From this period, until the year in which he left England for India, he used occasionally to converse with Mrs. Boyd respecting Junius; and in those conversations he always asked her to point out to him the passages the most admired. A few weeks before he embarked for India with Lord Macartney, he burnt, with his own hands, several large bundles of manuscript papers, which, since the time that Junius ceased to write, he had kept carefully locked up; and he was so very particular in destroying them, that he stood over the fire until they were entirely consumed, taking the greatest possible care, that not even the smallest shred of them should escape the flames.

"Some years after Mr. Boyd had gone to India, a paragraph appeared in a morning paper, entitled the General Advertiser, purporting, 'that Junius had certainly accompanied Lord Macartney to Madras, that he possessed the most retentive memory, and that he was an Irishman.' When

Mrs. Boyd saw this paragraph, she knew it alluded to Mr. Boyd, and fearful lest the discovery of his having written the Letters of Junius, might be prejudicial to his prospects in India, she sent a friend to the printer of the General Advertiser, to request he would not in future insert in his paper any paragraph alluding to Mr. Boyd. And at the same time she wrote to Mr. Boyd, enclosing him this paragraph, and urging him, if what it stated was not true, to contradict it without delay; as he must be sensible, if such a report gained credit it would materially injure his best interest. But to this request, though she frequently re-urged it to him, she never obtained a reply. He answered all the other parts of her letters; but that which related to Junius he constantly passed over in silence. Can it then be believed, that if he were not Junius, he would have persisted in not attending to Mrs. Boyd's earnest entreaties, when they so forcibly appealed to his feelings? If he were not Junius, by what motive could he have been actuated, in remaining deaf to the solicitation, at once proper and necessary, and coming from her to whom he never in his life denied any thing else? If he were not Junius, surely he would have either complied with her request, or treated the above-mentioned paragraph with ridicule. It may indeed be said, that he only wished to gratify an idle vanity, by endeavouring to make her believe he was Junius; but vanity is ever too active and restless, to confine itself within so narrow a circle: had he been desirous of being looked upon as the author of Junius, his vanity would infallibly have prompted him to hint his wishes to others, as well as to Mrs. Boyd. Besides, his mind was far above that little sordid selfishness, which induces some men secretly to wish, that they might be considered by their friends as the authors of such anonymous writings as have attained celebrity. In truth, he was always desirous to conceal, even from Mrs. Boyd, that he had written those performances which we now know to be his, but which he never acknowledged, until the proofs against him were too strong to be denied. Even the love of fame, that fine incentive of generous

† "Mr. Boyd was a great walker. day, without being fatigued."

He would often walk thirty miles in a minds,

minds, could not betray him into an ostentatious display of virtue, nor induce him to practise those arts that court applause." *Vol. i. p. 149.*

SIR WILLIAM DRAPER—DR.
GOLDSMITH.

"SOME months after the Letters of Junius were published collectively, Boyd met Sir William Draper at the tennis-court, where their acquaintance was originally formed in the year 1769, and where (being both great tennis-players) they used often to meet; the conversation turning upon Junius, Sir William observed, 'that though Junius had treated him with extreme severity, he now looked upon him as a very honest fellow,—that he freely forgave him for the bitterness of his censures, and that there was no man with whom he would more gladly drink a bottle of old Burgundy.' Boyd took no notice of the observation; but after playing at tennis till a late hour, he proposed to Sir William, that they should dine together at a favourite tavern. The knight readily consented to the proposal; and he enjoyed his Burgundy, while Boyd had the inward satisfaction of doing justice to his candour, as well as to his wishes.

"Mr. Boyd at this time used to be much in the society of Armstrong and Goldsmith, especially with the latter, whose ill state of health had induced him to take a country lodging at the Hide, on the Edgware-road, about three miles distant from Kenton-green. Goldsmith often walked across the fields to Mr. Boyd's, and would pass several days with him. Their conversation, as may be readily expected, was always on literary and critical topics; and Goldsmith used to inform Boyd of the different works he had in contemplation, and to relate to him all that passed at the celebrated Literary Club, in Gerrard-street. On these occasions, Boyd observed, 'that his friend Goldsmith never committed any of those absurdities, nor betrayed any of that idle and clumsy affectation of wit, which too frequently rendered him the sport of Richard Burke, Garrick,

'and the other wicked wags of the Club.' Goldsmith used to criticise Pope's epistolary style; and, once that he dined at Boyd's, he condemned it in severe terms, and gave a specimen of what a familiar letter should be.

"A few months before Goldsmith's death, Boyd having heard from Richard Burke, that *little Noll*, as they used to call him, had been severely attacked at the Club, and that he meditated a poetical reply, immediately went to him, in order to dissuade him from an attempt, in which he conceived there was little chance of his succeeding. He found him busily employed in giving the last polish to some parts of his well-known and admirable poem of *Retaliation*, which the Doctor read to him in great triumph, requesting his opinion as to its merits. Boyd told him that he thought the aggressors extremely reprehensible, and that they were entitled to no quarter; but fearful lest the severity with which he had drawn the characters of the Burkes, would not only put an end to the friendship which subsisted between them and Goldsmith, but likewise disturb the harmony which prevailed in the Club, induced him to soften several expressions, and entirely to cast anew the character William Burke. As Goldsmith had an high opinion of Boyd's critical taste, he was much pleased with the emendations he had suggested; and he begged of him to call again in a few days, when the poem should be completed, that he might submit the remainder of it to his perusal, and that they might read the whole of it over attentively together. But Goldsmith did not live to carry his plan into execution. He died, unexpectedly, of a nervous fever; and when his friend Boyd, who had not heard even of his illness, called on him at the appointed time, a singular circumstance occurred. He inquired of the maid-servant, who opened the door at Goldsmith's lodgings, whether the Doctor was at home? she answered, *Yes*.—He asked if he might see him? and she made the same reply; upon which he ran up stairs, when on entering his apartment he was shocked beyond de-

* "This was Sir William's favourite wine. The bewitching smiles of Burgundy had an irresistible influence on his heart."

† "Goldsmith had no talent for repartee: yet he could not divest himself of that ridiculous notion, too prevalent in the learned world,—that when a man of genius is in company, it is necessary he should be a wit."

scription,

scription, at seeing poor Goldsmith extended in his coffin." *Vol. i. p. 185.*

EXTRACT FROM THE PREFACE TO
THE EMBASSY TO CANDY—OB-
JECTS OF MR. BOYD'S MISSION.

"IN 1766, during the last, and to the *Cingalese*, the most fatal war the Dutch ever waged against them, Mr. Pybus arrived at the court of Candy, on a mission from the British government of Madras. He was instructed to assure the king of the friendship of the English, now the most potent European power in the East, and to offer him ample succours to support the war with the Dutch. Of the glaring injustice and impolicy of this embassy, at a period when England and Holland were not only in perfect peace, but in strict alliance, it were unnecessary to make any comment; since the ignorance and folly with which it was conducted defeated its object, and thereby averted the evils that must have followed its success.

"This embassy, together with the misrepresentations of the Dutch, had given the court of Candy a very unfavourable impression of the justice and policy of the English. And it was with a view to do away the odium which had, through these means, been affixed to our general character, as well as to announce to the king of Candy that we were at war with the implacable enemy and incessant disturber of his country; and to secure his friendly disposition, at least, if not his active aid, in our intended attack of the Dutch territories in Ceylon, that Mr. Boyd was, in February 1782, deputed by his Excellency Lord Macartney, then governor of Madras, to the court of Candy.

"Mr. Boyd accompanied from Madras the expedition under the command of Admiral Sir Edward Hughes, which was destined for the reduction of the Dutch settlements in Ceylon; and after the surrender of Trincomallée to the British arms, Mr. Boyd set out from that place, by an unusual and difficult route, to Candy. The firmness, perseverance, and ability, with which he surmounted the various obstacles that impeded his journey; and the acuteness, promptitude, and dispatch with which he conducted his negotiation, the following Journal very fully and clearly ma-

nifests. And although he could not prevail on the king of Candy to enter into a treaty of alliance with the British government, he nevertheless succeeded in the principal object of his mission, that of removing the slur that had been cast upon the character of the English, and of convincing the court of Candy of their humanity, liberality, and good faith. For the friendly conduct of the king of Candy towards Major General Stewart, after the capitulation of Trincomallée, in 1795, when contrasted with his behaviour to Sir Edward Hughes, in refusing to supply him with any provisions whatever, very satisfactorily proves the favourable opinion he had formed of the English, from the admirable address and conciliating manners of Mr. Boyd." *Vol. ii. p. 101.*

ARRIVAL AT CANDY—AUDIENCE
OF THE KING.

"WE soon arrived at Candy, which we found of better appearance and more regularly built, than any Indian town I had yet seen. The principal street through which we marched is very broad; and though the houses in general have but one story, they appear to have two, from the number of steps running up sideways and close to the wall of the house, so that the door is at least the height of a story from the street. This manner of building, it seems, is to avoid the mischiefs, which the elephant-fights, celebrated in this great street for his Majesty's amusement, would otherwise do to their houses.

"After advancing about a quarter of a mile along this street, we turned round the angle of a considerable enclosure with a stone wall, which I learned was the royal garden. This was on our left hand, and when we turned the next corner, we saw the palace on our right; a large stone building, with sixteen large stone steps leading up to the entrance, at each side of which was placed a bowman; two huge fellows, fantastically dressed. At the head of the steps stood some of their officers, natives and malays; and the whole area below, which was very spacious and open, was filled with their soldiers and elephants, of which there were between forty and fifty drawn up in a semicircle, and two very fine white ones in the centre.

"We

"We halted here some time, till further permission should be sent us from the palace to approach. In the mean time it was notified to me, that none of my people were to be admitted to the audience, but my interpreter. I was very desirous that Mr. Creech and my writer should accompany me; but could not gain permission. They were, however, admitted through the first gate at the head of the stairs, which we now ascended, and were conducted into a large court.

"At the bottom of this court a door opened, through which the minister and four generals advanced to receive me. After some ceremonious compliments and inquiries, the minister retired to announce our arrival so far; but soon returning, with final permission for us to advance; he then (with the generals) conducted me and my interpreter through the door he had come through at first, into a very spacious inner court, partly covered and partly open, well paved with broad flat stone. Along all the sides of this court were ranged a great number of persons, officers and attendants, as it should seem, of the palace. We advanced to the centre of this large area; till facing about to the right, we fronted a very wide and high arch, spread across with a white curtain.

"Here were to commence the labours of the ceremony. The silver salver, with the letters, was brought, and the minister gave it to me to hold, with my hands above my head. Even to a man in perfect strength it were an uneasy attitude to support such a weight so long. But to me, at that time, it was a most distressing fatigue. Observing this, however, he assisted me, and one of the generals on the other side, by putting their hands to it; telling me at the same time, as an instance of attention to my situation, that the king had dispensed with the custom usual on these occasions, of the shoes being taken off, and that I might keep mine on.

"The curtain was now removed, and discovered to our view a long hall, almost covered with a fine large car-

pet; the ceiling, divided by arches, that extended from side to side, large ones in the centre, and two small ones on each side. These arches, and two rows of pillars that supported them, and formed two aisles, to the right and left, were very prettily adorned with festoons of muslins, &c. of various colours. Within the pillars were ranged the courtiers, sitting, in their fashion, on their heels; not with their legs crossed, as I have seen in the Carnatic, but in a more difficult and painful posture to those not used to it, with the knees projecting straight forward. The hall was well lighted by lamps attached to the pillars, and very large wax lights* at the upper end of each aisle; near one of which sat the secretary, my old friend of Nallendy-Caravery, with his secretarial implements, to note what should pass. The whole terminated in a large alcove, retired within which was a very high throne, and his Majesty seated on it with much solemnity. There seemed a sort of studied obscurity; as if he desired, though without having studied Milton, 'with the majesty of darkness around' to 'cover his throne.' He is about thirty-six or thirty-seven years of age, of a grand majestic appearance; a very large man, and very black, but of an open intelligent countenance, as I found afterwards on a nearer approach. On the whole, his figure and attitude put me much in mind of our Harry the Eighth. He wore a large crown, which is a very important distinction† from the other princes of the East.

"The removal of the curtain was the signal for our obeisances. Mine, by stipulation, was to be only kneeling,—still with the salver over my head, which became almost intolerably fatiguing. My companions immediately began the performance of theirs, which were in the most perfect degree of eastern humiliation. They almost literally licked the dust; prostrating themselves with their faces close to the stone floor, and throwing out their legs and arms, as in the attitude of swimming, then rising to their knees by a sudden spring from the breast, like what is called the salmon-leap by

* "I did not find, on inquiry, that the lights for the royal use are perfumed with the oil of cinnamon, as mentioned by Raynal, and others."

† "Among the multitude of his titles, it is a distinguishing one, 'The king who wears a crown.' In one of our conferences, some of the generals asked me 'whether the King of England wore a crown?'"

tumblers,

tumblers, they repeated, in a very loud voice, a certain form of words, of the most extravagant meaning that can be conceived, 'That the head of the king of kings might reach beyond the sun! that he might live a hundred thousand years, &c.' He answered very gravely, that we might advance, which we accordingly did, much to my satisfaction, but not till the aforesaid concert had been repeated half a dozen times.

"On our entry into the hall, by the ascent of two or three high steps, we had it all to do and to suffer over again, they repeating their extraordinary obeisances six times, and I kneeling:—and then a third time, when we arrived at the carpet, which reached within about ten yards of the door. These three acts being over, I was conducted up the centre of the hall to the throne, by the minister on one side, and a general on the other; I then knelt on the lower step, still supporting my burden, but with infinite difficulty, in the same irksome posture. I was now relieved from it by his majesty's taking the letters, and had an opportunity of observing his figure as I have described it, and his dress, which was more magnificent than I expected; but surprisingly warm for the climate of Candy. But the temperature of courts, I am afraid, is the same in all parts of the world; 'where cumbrous pomp and vanity preside!'

"It not being the custom at this court to read letters at the time they are presented, the king laid them aside, and I retired in the same manner between my two conductors, keeping my face towards the throne. We found the other generals at the end of the carpet, where they sat down, in their manner; but told me, I might stretch out my legs, provided I kept them as much on one side, and out of sight, as possible. I was seated in the middle, two generals on each side of me, and the interpreters a little behind us. Then began our conversation, which, as I apprehended, was only form; but there being no less than five stages betwixt his majesty and me, it was incredibly tedious. He spoke to his minister, who knelt at the upper end of the hall, near the throne;—the minister to one of the generals;—the general to their interpreter;—their interpreter to mine in Malabar;—and mine to me in English: and my an-

swers, of course, had the same journey to travel back again.

"He began with inquiring when I had left Madras, and in what capacity? When I answered him, that I had the honour of being invested with the office of bringing letters to his highness, and of treating with him on the most friendly grounds on behalf of the Madras government, he expressed the highest satisfaction at this testimony of friendly disposition in the governor of Madras. He then asked particularly about his health—then of the members of the council—of the admiral and gentlemen of the fleet, &c.—When he inquired about my own, and the fatigues of my journey, I took the opportunity of attempting at least to turn the discourse to business, and told him that I certainly had been extremely fatigued, and much indisposed in health, but that I had advanced, notwithstanding, with the utmost expedition; the business I was charged with being of the most urgent nature, and most critically circumstanced as to time, and that I therefore hoped we might proceed on it immediately.

"I suspect that the latter part of what I said lost something in the Cingalese channels it passed through: for his highness, without taking the least notice of it, proceeded to ask me, whether I wished to retire, or had any thing further to mention to him.

"I answered, that I had much to state to him and to discuss, repeating the necessity of proceeding immediately, and was going on to represent, in the first place, the subject I had discussed before with some of the courtiers at Gunnoor, of the hostile orders which had been issued against any communication with the English; but the general on my right hand stopped me, telling me that the king expected I should now retire, but that he and the other generals would adjourn with me immediately to another place, and there hear whatever I had to propose.

"I would rather have continued in the direct line to his majesty; but seeing that a hint of his pleasure was to be law, and considering too that what I had to urge would come with greater propriety and effect after the letter was read, I accepted the necessity of retiring with the best grace I could. We all got up accordingly,

and retired as we had advanced, I kneeling, and they tumbling, as before*; and when we had performed our three acts again, the curtain dropped." Vol. ii. p. 209.

XXIII. *An Enquiry into the elementary Principles of Beauty, in the Works of Nature and Art.* To which is prefixed, an introductory Discourse on Taste. By WILLIAM THOMSON. 4to. pp. 234. 18s.—*Johnson.*

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EXTRACT FROM THE MEMOIR.

"MR. William Thomson, the author of this Inquiry, was a native of the kingdom of Ireland. He was born in the city of Dublin, in the year 1726. If Providence denied his family the splendour of opulence, that blessing was amply made up to them in the possession of a fair fame and an un-

* "This, performed in the manner I have described, one would imagine as abject an instance of humiliation as could be given: but during the audience, one occurred, which surprised me still more. Something happened that made it necessary for the minister to come to the lower end of the hall. I did not observe him set out; but turning my head by accident, I cannot express my surprise when I saw him, a venerable gray-headed old man, come trotting down one of the aisles like a dog—on all-fours! He returned in the same manner to the foot of the throne."

sullied

fulled reputation. It was his father's lot to move in a sphere which is remote from wealth on the one hand and dependance on the other. His was the station of life to which is generally ascribed the most solid enjoyment—that of mediocrity; a station that calls forth the exertion of industry, and gives room to the display of virtue and talent." P. iv.

"The subject of our Memoir was the eldest son, and as he betrayed early symptoms of genius, his father was delirious of giving him the education of a scholar. The rudiments of the Latin tongue young Thomson acquired under the tuition of a Mr. Kennedy, and having waded through the elementary principles of that language, was removed to Mullinger, where he became a pupil of the Rev. Dr. Ross, a clergyman of the church of England; under him his proficiency in classical learning was equally honourable to the pupil and the tutor. The latter was highly satisfied with the assiduity of the youth, who, upon quitting school, was complimented in flattering terms by his master.

"The taste he had acquired for literature, his natural inclination to study, and, above all, the serious and contemplative turn of his mind, powerfully urged him to direct his thoughts towards that profession, for which he felt a predilection that impressed him early in life, and which impression he retained to his latest hour. It was his ardent desire to take orders: but as the call to the ministry is preceded by a regular preparation for it, and a due course of academical studies must be undergone prior to admission to the sacred function; and as these preparations necessarily involved an expense which Mr. Thomson's father was not competent to bear, our author experienced a disappointment that he felt and lamented through life; so that the day-spring of his hopes was clouded when it began to dawn, and the shadows did not begin to disperse till the evening arrived, and found the tree withered by the chilling hand of adversity. How well qualified he was in heart and mind for the clerical office, those who were acquainted with both can attest. Where so much real worth was found, it is a subject of regret that the opportunity of exerting itself in its own way should have been

lost, and the profession deprived of a member that would have been one of its brightest ornaments.

"Upon relinquishing the idea of taking orders, which, though anxiously desired by him, seemed out of his reach, he turned his thoughts to a profession in which genius is often displayed to little purpose; he made choice of that, which it has been said is 'of use to none, but least to the possessor.' This assertion, however, admits of qualification. Mr. Thomson studied the art of painting; and for this purpose became the disciple of Mr. Binden, in his day the most eminent in his line, in the city of Dublin. This gentleman had lately returned from Italy, heretofore the usual resort of such as were emulous to form their taste from the elegant remains of the most celebrated artists. These they copied; and from viewing these were accustomed to infuse into their own performances the beauties of the great masters of antiquity.

"With Mr. Binden he spent some years, and gave sufficient proofs that they were spent with assiduity. He afterwards practised in Dublin. On the 9th of May 1752, according to his own memorandum, he left that city, and removed to Portarlington. But he was now bent on visiting the metropolis of the sister kingdom; for this purpose he quitted Ireland in October of the subsequent year, and never returned to it." P. v.

"In the year 1760 he became a member of the incorporated Society of Artists. On the 21st of April an exhibition was opened at the Great Room belonging to the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, in the Strand; on which it will be sufficient to observe, that the success was equal to the most sanguine expectation; the public was pleased, and the artists applauded; those already known received additional reputation, and such as were not, became the immediate acquaintance of the public. The motives assigned for this exhibition were generous, and could not fail to secure the patronage which it experienced: these were, 'to call forth that modest merit to the eye of the public which otherwise must have languished in obscurity, and that those whose abilities and attainments might justly raise them to distinction,

should have an opportunity afforded them of showing their claim to it."

"The Society, however, split into factions; a junto was formed that monopolized its government; expulsions ensued. At last his Majesty put an end to their disputes, by becoming himself the immediate patron of the fine arts, and erecting a Royal Academy at Somerset House. Mr. Thomson, in 1771, published a pamphlet in vindication of the conduct of the party to which he adhered; though it was not the successful one, it was certainly entitled to better treatment than it received." P. ix.

"The following work he had written several years before his death, but ventured not to commit it to press until he had almost finished his mortal course. He lived, however, to correct the proof-sheets, and give directions about the engravings.

"On the 3d of December 1798 he waited upon his publisher; for this purpose he rose an hour earlier than he was accustomed to do, and seemed to be more in spirits than usual. At ten o'clock he left his lodging, and was not heard of until four in the afternoon, when he was brought home senseless, and expired on the ensuing morning, at five, without a groan.—He died in a fit of apoplexy, in the seventy-second year of his age, and until the last fourteen or fifteen hours retained full possession of his faculties.

"As a painter I have already spoken of him without reserve. He was allowed to have possessed merit in an eminent degree, by a judge of no mean repute. Natural diffidence and untoward events checked the vigorous exercise of his pencil; and from being unnoticed, and without a patron, the native ardour of his genius was chilled in the bud; his hopes of success vanished. Conscious of his own abilities, he felt, with acuteness, the neglect of that patronage which he thought he had a right to expect." P. xii.

EXTRACTS.

ON TASTE.

"A REPUTATION for *taste*, with regard to the works of imagination and the fine arts, being generally associated with the idea of elegant and refined understanding, it is not to be

considered as either surprising or extraordinary, that the generality of mankind are apt to believe, or at least to wish to make others believe, that they possess so desirable a faculty; and this flattering opinion having received the sanction of some highly respectable authorities, by whom it is asserted that 'the principles of *taste* are the same in the whole human species' (an error, however, of no small magnitude), it has naturally followed, that there are almost as many different opinions concerning *taste* as there are persons who lay claim to it, each making his own *portion* and *kind* of taste the standard of all others. The subject therefore of the present inquiry shall be, to examine what that faculty is which so many flatter themselves they possess, and how far this general claim can be supported; whether it be improvable, and by what means; whether it be equally inherent in the whole, or in a part only, of the human species; whether there be not different degrees of taste; and, lastly, whether there be not some who are wholly without it, or who want those powers of the taste, which apply to different external objects, as *painting*, *music*, and the like.

"Though definition is held by many to be very little conducive to the elucidation of our ideas; yet, in cases like the present, it seems in a certain degree useful; as it may convey some, though a very imperfect idea, of our meaning, before we can, with any tolerable clearness and precision, proceed to unfold more extensively the several properties of the thing defined. It is doubtless liable to be much misunderstood; and even where that is not the case, it may possibly not conduct us very far, nor with much certainty, in our progress towards information; yet, until something better can be found as a substitute, we must be content to borrow its assistance.

"By the word *TASTE*, therefore, I would wish the reader to understand a certain distinct *power* or *faculty* of the human mind (properly, an *internal sense*) which receives a sensation of pleasure, or disgust, from whatever appears *beautiful* and *pleasing*, or the reverse of these, either to our outward perceptions or to our intellects." P. 2.

"The powers of *sense* and *percep-*
tion

tion may be, and frequently are, possessed in the highest degree of perfection, independently, and totally divested of *taste* (considered as that *internal sense*, which gives the sensation of pleasure or disgust mentioned above, and which means the same thing); for however different or repugnant it may appear to the generally received opinion, I must, notwithstanding, assert, and shall endeavour to demonstrate, that there are individuals who are naturally and altogether destitute of those powers of the *taste*, or the *internal sense*, which receives pleasure from the beautiful either in *forms* or in *sounds**, as well as other individuals, who accidentally want those organs of perception, through which such beauties operate, or are conveyed to it." P. 6.

"The difficulty of obtaining perfection of *figura*, and correctness of *imitation*, is known only to the professors of *painting*, *sculpture*, and *design*. De Piles relates, that looking over the excellent drawings and studies of *Carlo Maratti* at Rome, the latter showed the French artist a great number which he had made from the head of the *Antinous*; and when De Piles expressed his surprise at Carlo's patience and perseverance, he told him, that the drawings he had seen were selected from as many hundreds†, drawn from the same head, and yet, that he never was able to make one that did justice to the original. And

the late Mr. Mortimer, the greatest and most powerful designer that this nation, or perhaps any other, has produced, assured me, with that modesty which ever distinguishes extraordinary merit, that he had made above fifty drawings of the *Venus*, at his Grace the Duke of Richmond's gallery, without ever arriving at the beauty and perfection of that admirable figure. No artist, however, should be discouraged by such disappointments, as they do not proceed either from want of *taste* or *skill* in the master, but from certain advantages on the side of *sculpture*, which the art of *design* has not. The *sculptor* models his figure in clay, and keeps it moist and plastic with wet linen; he then daily reviews, corrects, and improves it, for several months together, until he can find nothing further to alter or add to its improvement; and when he has thus given it the utmost perfection his knowledge and skill can reach, it is then committed to the assistant employed, and the marble statue is carved from it by the scale and compasses. But with the professor of *design* it is very much otherwise; his drawing, instead of being so long and diligently examined, so closely and attentively corrected, is begun and finished in the course of a few hours; the comparatively small value of a drawing not admitting more time to be bestowed on it; which is the reason, that among

* "The late Dr. Berkely, Bishop of Cloyne, was one of those who had no ear for music; but that great man, far from regarding it only as a matter of indifference, or of little consequence, as many others in like circumstances generally do, considered it as a serious loss, if not a great misfortune, to want so distinguishing a power of the human mind, from which he found others derived so much delight and satisfaction: he looked upon every faculty of the mind, as undoubtedly it is, a most inestimable blessing; and to be abridged of any one of those he considered as a loss greatly to be lamented. His Lordship made every laudable effort to try if the sense of *hearing* could be instructed into a *taste* for harmony and sweet sounds; but found all such endeavours fruitless and unavailing. He proposed to the gentleman who instructed his Lordship's children in music, a gratuity of one hundred guineas, if he could make him sing a single octave of the *diatonic scale* in *tune*; but after frequent trials and diligent attention, he found himself no further advanced than when he began. The master, to try whether his Lordship made any advances in distinguishing sounds, used to ask him, when one of the young gentlemen, his sons, was playing on the *violoncello*, in the next apartment (the door of which was left open on purpose), what instrument it was that was then played; his Lordship, after attentively considering for some time, would answer, '*That is my daughter on the harpsichord*.'"

† "De Piles says, the drawings shown him were three hundred, selected from as many thousands, in which he must have greatly exaggerated; and therefore I have ventured to reduce the number to something more approaching to probability."

so many hundred prints and drawings, which I have seen, from the antique, I never found *one* that was correct, or that did justice to the original." P. 32.

"There are few men, comparatively speaking, in whom this *sense* (the *taste*) is limited to less than the whole of those objects to which its power naturally extends, and whose influence it was in general formed to receive: but in certain individuals the number of objects which naturally should affect the taste, is not only contracted, or abridged to them; but those objects have also, with some, effects directly contrary to what is felt by others. Thus, music for example, so generally delightful, affords no pleasure to this peculiar faculty of the mind, in some individuals, and to others it is perfectly disgusting, as already observed.

"But though the power of this *internal sense* in some individuals be so far restrained, as not to extend to the exterior objects of music, painting, and perhaps some others, they yet often possess it, in a very high degree, with regard to the internal objects of the intellect. No man ever tasted more exquisitely the *beautiful* in verse, in thought, and expression, than the late Mr. Pope, as his works every where strongly evince; no man was ever more charmed with praise, or tormented with censure or abuse, even when ill-founded and contemptible, than that admirable poet; which shows the exquisite sensibility of his *taste* (or *internal sense*), as it was this power alone that so keenly felt in both cases; yet he not only received no pleasure from 'the concord of sweet sounds,' but was on the contrary disgusted with them. It may, therefore, seem unaccountable, that he who was so totally void of an ear, as it is called, for music, should, notwithstanding, produce the most harmonious verse of any poet since Virgil; but the difficulty is solved, when we reflect, that *verse* may be repeated *mentally* to the *internal sense*, without being conveyed to it by the ear from without. This it was that enabled Pope, Swift, and the late Dr. Johnson, to write the most musical numbers, though neither of these excellent writers could either taste, or even endure, the harmony of sounds; and the last was so remarkably divested of every idea either of *receiving*, or *conveying* harmony *externally*, that, as

I have heard affirmed by several persons, his intimate acquaintance, he never was known to repeat a verse, either of his own, or of any other poet, in which he did not effectually, by his bare recital, destroy every particle of *harmony* it might contain or pretend to." P. 69.

"This feature (the eyebrow) has also been distorted, and forced out of its natural place, by the folly and fashion of former times. In Charles the First's time, the fashion was, to have the eyebrows *elevated* as high as human art and contrivance could raise them; for this purpose the ladies of that age had their hair drawn backward, flat to the forehead, and as tight as possible, and strictly confined in that situation; by which means, the skin of the forehead being strained upwards, the *eyebrows* were entirely drawn out of their place, and raised to nearly twice the distance above the eyes, beyond the situation in which nature had originally placed them. This ridiculous fashion is very conspicuous (especially to the professors of painting) in the portraits of the ladies, and of many of the gentlemen of that time, by *Vandyke* and some others, but in none more eminently so than in the prints and paintings still remaining of *Lady Carlisle*, the famous *Sacharissa* so much celebrated by *Waller*. 'This lady's eyebrows were naturally placed much above their just situation, notwithstanding which, in compliance with the fashion, we find in the prints of this lady by *Gunst*, the engraver after *Vandyke*, their disproportion is nearly doubled, being drawn up to within a finger's breadth of the lowest hairs which join the forehead, by which the true proportions of the human face are utterly destroyed, and consequently are rendered totally different from any thing which a person of any *taste* or knowledge could consider as beautiful, either before or at any time since that period; of which a late right honourable writer, in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, has taken very just notice, but did not know the cause to which it should be ascribed." P. 195.

XXIV. *Mordaunt*. Sketches of Life, Characters, and Manners, in various Countries, &c. (Concluded from p. 49.)

EXTRACT

EXTRACT FROM THE MEMOIRS OF
A FRENCH LADY OF QUALITY.

"COLLOT d'Herbois was one of the most infamous of that infamous band who domineered at this time in France, and rendered that country odious thro' Europe. The rich and flourishing town of Lyons has particular reason to execrate this Collot d'Herbois, and his fellow-commissioner Couthon. I have seen both these miscreants. No two men could be more unlike in person and countenance, none more congenial in rancour and cruelty.

"The former had the look of mild ingenuity. The sound of his voice was plaintive. He had lost the use of one half of his body by a paralytic stroke. From the expression of his countenance, from the modulation of his voice, from that sympathy with affliction which people in high prosperity and vigorous health are too often devoid of, and which fellow-sufferers are supposed to have in an eminent degree, Couthon was the man, among ten thousand, to whom a person under the pressure of misfortunes would have applied for relief: the most robust savage that ever was habituated to slaughter, the most callous inquisitor that ever questioned men under the agonies of torture, was not more blood-thirsty and more unrelenting than Couthon.

"There was nothing that could mislead the judgment in the outward appearance of Collot d'Herbois—all his deceit lay in his heart. His countenance was frightful. Children shut their eyes, and screamed at the sight of this man. His head sustained a frightful exuberance of bushy hair, black as tar, and stiff as the bristles of a hog; his complexion was cadaverous; his features haggard; his eyes sanguine: he looked very much like a villain and murderer; and he was a much greater villain and murderer than he looked like.

"It is wonderful that one should have ever thought of being an actor who disgraced the profession by his looks, by his character, and by his want of talent. It has been said, that his rancour against the citizens of Lyons originated from their having had the good taste to hiss him as often as he appeared on their stage. Be that as it may, the barbarities exercised on the inhabitants of that devoted city by Couthon and Collot d'Herbois are un-

paralleled in the records of tyranny: their thirst of carnage rendered them impatient of the slowness of guillotines; they projected mines of gunpowder to blow up prisoners by whole housefuls; they pointed cannon, loaded with grape-shot, to tear in pieces multitudes of ———.

"[I ask pardon, my dear Miss Clifford; I perceive that I distress you. Familiarized as I have been to scenes of oppression and cruelty, I forgot that I am speaking to an English woman; an inhabitant of that happy country where no such scenes exist, where the power of the crown is limited by the constitution, where law alone is supreme, and, with a commanding voice, tells the monarch as well as the people, *Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther*. Such is the account that my husband has often given me of Great Britain. I am pleased to believe that it is just; and, from sentiments of general benevolence, as well as in gratitude for the generous reception which so many of my unfortunate countrymen have met with in this island, I do most sincerely wish it may long continue." Vol. ii. p. 70.

LADY MANGO

"IS the offspring of a respectable grocer in the city, who, having a variety of daughters, thought it a prudent speculation to send the handsomest, and most troublesome of them, on a matrimonial venture to Bengal; where she had the good luck to hit the fancy of Mr. Mango, just after he had made an immense fortune by some very advantageous contracts. He paid assiduous court to the girl, made her splendid offers, and was in hopes of bringing the intrigue to a happy conclusion without marriage; but, profiting by the experience she had had previous to her leaving London, she rejected all terms in which that ceremony was not an article. After a hard struggle between his prudence and his passion, the latter obtained the victory, and Mr. Mango was married to Miss Figgs.

"He was one of those men who put a great importance on whatever contributes, even in the smallest degree, to their own ease; and little or none to what conduces, even in the greatest degree, to the ease of others. This disposition is by no means very uncommon;

mon; but Mr. Mango possessed it in rather a greater degree than usual. In him, however, this did not proceed from any positive cruelty of temper; but merely from an indolence of mind, which prevented him from ever thinking of any body's sensations but his own. In the East Indies, where men of his fortune travel in palanquins, have slaves to fan the flies from them while they repose, and are surrounded by the most obsequious dependants, this kind of indulgence of self, and forgetfulness of others, may be carried greater lengths without a check than in England. Mr. Mango was obliged to his wife for instructing him, that another person in his own family, besides himself, had a will of their own; and that it would tend to his tranquillity to follow that person's will instead of his own. This he accomplished without the assistance of genius; and without any talent whatever, except obstinacy; for in all other respects she was a weak woman. She made it a rule to insist, with unremitting perseverance, on every measure she proposed, until it was adopted: and, by adhering to this simple rule, all her measures were sooner or later adopted; for, what point will not a man give up, rather than hear an eternal harping on the same string?

"After Mrs. Mango had obtained the great object of her voyage to the East Indies, her next was to prevail on her husband to return to England; where the splendour in which she proposed to live was more flattering to her imagination than the luxuries at her command where she was. Mr. Mango informed her, 'that the situation of his affairs required that his family should remain another year in the East Indies;' and she informed him, 'that it would be better for him and his family to return that very season to England.' She repeated this every day, and every hour of the day, for a month: after which the whole family embarked.

"On their passage home, the wife was observed to be in good spirits, even when the weather was bad; whereas the husband complained of sickness, even when the weather was good: and a little before they arrived at Portsmouth, he acknowledged to one of the passengers, that his last contract was the most unfortunate one he had ever made.

"He had hardly any acquaintance in London; and he was not much flattered by that of his wife's relations. Mr. and Mrs. Mango were, therefore, seldom together; and he appeared rather low-spirited for some time after their arrival: yet, when she asked him how he liked London, he had the politeness to answer, 'that, on the whole, he preferred it to living aboard a ship.'

"By habit, London became less disagreeable to him; and as he saw little of his wife, and had formed some new acquaintance whose society amused him, he began to get the better of his dejection, when his spouse opened on him a new source of vexation, which lasted all his life.

"Mr. Mango's Christian name was Jeremiah. When a boy at school, his comrades, for some whimsical reason, when they wished to tease him, used to call him *Sir Jeremiah*. Nothing provoked him so much; and he held in utter abhorrence the appellation ever after. He never signed Jeremiah, but always J. Mango. His correspondents were instructed to address their letters to him in the same manner. If he received one with *Jeremiah* at full length, it put him out of humour the whole day.

"Most unfortunately for this gentleman, the husband of one of his wife's acquaintance was knighted; and his spouse, of course, instead of Mrs. Lotion, was called Lady Lotion. This was a great mortification to Mrs. Mango, who considered herself as the superior of this acquaintance, because her husband was richer, and because, as she asserted, she was sprung from a more ancient and honourable family of grocers than the other.

"Mr. Mango having come home one day in a gayer humour than usual to dinner,—after a little preface, his spouse said, 'that his friends were surprised that he did not apply to be created a knight.'

"The poor man turned pale in an instant, and burst into a cold sweat: he well knew the consequence of having that dignity conferred on him would be to have the detested name of Sir Jeremiah sounded in his ears for the rest of his life. He had often thanked his stars that this idea had never entered his wife's head, and had once cautioned one of his friends never to mention, in her presence, the name of a relation of his, who made a continual

tinual display of a foreign badge upon his breast, and had *Sir* pronounced before his name. The same friend told me, that Mr. Mango, in the fulness of his heart, on this affecting subject, had expressed himself, with some variation, in the words of Othello:

—‘It has pleased Heaven
‘To try me with affliction,
‘To sleep me in marriage to the very
lips,
‘To give to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
‘Yet still I find, in some place of my soul,
‘A drop of comfort.—I am not yet
‘A fixed figure for the time of scorn
‘To point his slow unmoving finger at.’—

“‘For,’ continued he, in a less emphatic tone, ‘though I hear frequently of wives teasing their husbands to apply to be made knights, yet that cursed fantasy has never occurred to mine; and I hope to slip quietly out of the world without being branded with the horrid appellation of Sir Jeremiah.’

“Such being Mr. Mango’s sentiments, it is easy to imagine how much he must have been shocked at what his wife said. He made no immediate reply, having some faint hope that it was a transient idea which the might never resume. But when Mrs. Mango repeated what she had said, he meekly represented to her the horror he felt at the thought of having the odious name of Sir Jeremiah continually re-sounded in his ears, and earnestly begged that she would not insist on a measure which would subject him to such a mortification.

“To this Mrs. Mango replied, ‘that he was to blame in disliking the name of Jeremiah; that, though not a royal name, like those of David, and Solomon, and Rehoboam, and others, yet it was a scripture name as much as any of them, and the name of a great prophet; that, although the French revolution had decreased the number of kings, and increased that of prophets, yet a great prophet was as great a rarity as a great king, and in a short time, perhaps, would be a greater; that the appellation of Sir Jeremiah, therefore, was at least as respectable as that of Sir any thing else. She also represented that every alderman, contractor, apothecary, physician, and broker in London,

‘who had scraped together one half of his fortune, applied to be created a baronet or knight; that the difference was nothing to her; and, as he had no children, was as little to him; but that it was indispensably necessary that he should be the one or the other.’

“Mr. Mango was too well acquainted with the persevering temper of his wife to have any hope, after this declaration, of prevailing on her to renounce her whim. He well knew that the same representation, in more acrimonious terms, would be made to him at breakfast, dinner, and supper, as well as in bed, until the point was carried: he therefore thought it best to contest the matter no longer; but, making a virtue of necessity, applied to a friend who had some small interest at court, and he was soon after created a knight, and was, to his sorrow, denominated Sir Jeremiah; and his wife, to her great satisfaction, became Lady Mango.

“After this, she gave entertainments more unmercifully than ever: she invited all the West as well as the East Indies to her routs and assemblies, at which she glittered with gold and jewels, like the Queen of Sheba at Bartholomew-fair, and never fails to gather such a crowd, that her company are as well squeezed as at any assembly or rout within the bills of mortality. I was present at one in very hot weather, when several women fainted; and a corpulent lady, dressed in black with a mass of white plumage on her head, happening to enter at the instant, Mr. Travers, who stood by me, said, ‘Thank heaven! here comes a hearse to carry off the dead bodies.’

“But poor Mr. Mango did not long survive the name of Sir Jeremiah: it gave a knell to his heart, and a kind of hectic suffused his cheek as often as he heard it pronounced. He dwindled and died at no distant date after he received the honour of knighthood.

“Though his fate was evident several weeks before it took place, Mrs. Mango would never admit that he was in any danger, nor ever altered her own way of living. She told her company, that he delighted in seeing every body merry around him: but, when she was told that her husband was actually dead, she made a great display of surprise and sorrow, as if, in the midst of perfect health, he had dropped down in an apoplexy.

“Her

"Her sorrow, however, became real, when his last will was examined. She knew that he made *one* will, by which she was left a large sum; but she did not know that he had afterwards made another, cancelling the first, and leaving the whole of his fortune among his relations; so that she has nothing but the jointure granted by her contract of marriage. *That*, however, is sufficiently ample to enable her to indulge her only passion, by giving frequent entertainments, in all of which she is sure to appear as ridiculous, though not so magnificently dressed, as in the days of her husband." *Vol. ii. p. 203.*

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CONTENTS.

PREFACE by Mr. Capel Loft, containing an Account of the Author (a Shoemaker)—Spring—Summer—Autumn—Winter.

EXTRACT.

TWILIGHT—TEMPEST—HARVEST-HOME.

"STILL TWILIGHT, welcome!
Rest, how sweet art thou!
Now eve o'erhangs the western cloud's
thick brow;
The far-stretch'd curtain of retiring
light,
With fiery treasures fraught, that on
the sight
Flash from its bulging sides, where
darkness lours,
In Fancy's eye, a chain of mould'ring
towers;
Or craggy coasts just rising into view,
'Midst jav'lins dire, and darts of stream-
ing blue.
Anon tir'd labourers bless their shel-
t'ring homes,
When MIDNIGHT, and the frightful
Tempest comes.
The Farmer wakes, and sees with
silent dread
The angry shafts of Heaven gleam
round his bed;

The bursting cloud reiterated roars,
Shakes his straw roof, and jars his
bolted doors:
The slow-wing'd storm along the
troubled skies
Spreads its dark course; the wind be-
gins to rise;
And full-leav'd elms, his dwelling's
shade by day,
With mimic thunder give its fury way;
Sounds in his chimney top a doleful
peal,
'Midst pouring rain, or gusts of rattling
hail;
With tenfold danger low the tempest
bends,
And quick and strong the sulph'rous
flame descends:
The fright'ned mastiff from his kennel
flies,
And cringes at the door with piteous
cries—
"Where now's the trifter? where
the child of pride?
These are the moments when the heart
is try'd!
Nor lives the man with conscience e'er
so clear,
But feels a solemn reverential fear;
Feels too a joy relieve his aching breast,
When the spent storm hath howl'd it-
self to rest.
Still, welcome beats the long-continued
show'r,
And sleep, protracted, comes with
double pow'r;
Calm dreams of bliss bring on the
morning sun,
For every barn is fill'd, and HARVEST
done!
"Now, ere sweet SUMMER bids its
long adieu,
And winds blow keen where late the
blossom grew,
The bustling day and jovial night must
come,
The long-accustom'd feast of HARVEST-
HOME.
No blood-stain'd victory, in story
bright,
Can give the philosophic mind delight;
No triumph please whilst rage and
death destroy:
Reflection sickens at the monstrous joy.
And where the joy, if rightly under-
stood,
Like cheerful praise for universal good?
The soul nor check nor doubtful an-
guish knows,
But free and pure the grateful current
flows." *P. 41.*

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